THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LV. | BENNETT & FITCH, No. 726 Sansom St. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1876. | $3 00 a Year, in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. | No. 48.

SWEET IDLENESS.

BY JAMES ELBERT POWELL.

I.

The sullen, warlike day bows low,
A fretted king; his shivered lances
Full flashing with a crimson glow—
And, beat and bruised, his armor glances.

II.

Beyond the brown and bended hills
An old familiar music lingers;
A harp with holiest passion thrills
Beneath the sweep of beauty's fingers.
I catch a lovesong on the breeze,
A veiled sweetness dim discover;
And in the sighing of the trees
I note the whisperings of the lover.

III.

They stand upon the royal main—
The river dashing, foaming under—
I know the murmuring of the swain
Is but imprisoned ardor's thunder—
He strokes her hair; its lustrous flow
With amber hue and sunshine laden—
And he, a dark and daring beau,
And she, a blonde and blithesome maiden,
The sun droops down—a truant beam
A moment blushes in her tresses—
While she's half toying with the stream,
And, he, provoking love's caresses.

IV.

The night-tide floods their homeward way,
The night-wind mingles with their laughter—
They dream—for dream life of to-day
Is sweeter than the real hereafter.
Young love is born—sweet passions speak
In kisses, woven beauties gleaming;
A fond confession weds her cheek—
A modest tale of double meaning.

V.

They know no higher art than this;
Love echoes nature's plan of suing,
For nature teaches love to kiss,
And kissing is the life of wooing.
They dream, nor check a single ray,
That first affection gets a gleaming,
For life is e'en a lengthened day
Of wintry woes or summer's dreaming.

THE SCRUB RACE.

BY A. SPINNER.

George White half stood and half sat in his place as driver of a Philadelphia street car. It was his early trip down town. Not many vehicles were astir, and few *short* passengers had to be taken on, so he had a little time for his own thoughts. Later in the day he must be alert to heed the ways of others, with one eye on his horses, the other looking ahead for breakers; one hand holding the lines, the other on the brake; both feet busy, supporting and bracing; one ear attending to the bell, the other ear the only disengaged part of himself, and that often filled with the hum of some talkative drone fuming on the front platform.

So, having the opportunity, George's thoughts naturally passed from the horses before him to the team he used to drive on the farm. Only a few weeks since he left home to "go to the Centennial," not only to see the grand sights, but to "make his fortune" which he surely could do where there would be so many openings; "his fortune" was to be a *thousand* dollars, with which to buy the hundred acres of wild land near the homestead in Elk county, and to build and furnish the castle, the pattern of which he had often seen in the air: a cottage with four rooms, and Annie Briggs to be its mistress.

Very quickly George's thoughts passed from the horses he loved so well at home, to Annie Briggs, whom he loved better. "Ah!" he sighed, "things don't move very fast; get up there!" he shouted to his team as though he would hasten matters. The twenty dollars capital he had invested in "views of the grounds," by the sale of which he hoped to realize the first twenty of the coveted thousand, had soon diminished to a single dollar. To use his own words "the woods were full of picture peddlers," and he had small chance in the active competition with the city lads who "knew the ropes." Without money enough to pay his fare home even if his pride would have let him "give it up" he had gladly accepted his present position until something better could be found.

The horses sprang forward in answer to his shout, breaking his train of thought, and causing him to lift his head, when his attention was caught by a crowd on the sidewalk, a short way ahead, who were watching with interest a lively scene on the opposite side of the street.

It was Saturday morning. As all familiar with Philadelphia know, the early hours of this day are here sacredly set apart for devotion—not religious devotion, but next door to it, devotion to cleanliness. Long lines of worshippers, the majority, women, as usual, are on their knees before the marble altars erected in front of most of the dwellings, where offerings of soap and sand and water are freely and energetically offered to the friendly goddess. In other words everybody's marble front door-step is being thoroughly scrubbed.

The crowd referred to were watching the performances of two servant girls, whose almost frantic movements showed that a grand Centennial scrubbing match was in progress.

Swish! swish! swish! went the rapidly playing brushes, up, down and crosswise, while the swollen muscles and veins in the bared arms, and the dropping beads of sweat from the reddened faces of the rivals, showed the vigor of the strife with the grimy enemy and with each other.

Copyrighted in the year 1876, by Bennett & Fitch.

THE CHALLENGE.

The contest was as heated as a theological controversy!

"Go it, Bridget!——"

"Put in your best rubs, Sally!——"

"Three to one on the short girl!" and similar chaffing shouts, gave inspiration and excitement.

Just as the car reached the scene, and George's attention was fixed on the "match," a youngster shot out from the crowd to cross the street directly in front of the horses, and, stumbling on the track, fell under their feet. A shriek from the boy, a shout of terror from the crowd, and a convulsive spring from her knees by one of the girls, were simultaneous, and, almost before George could apply the brake, the brave girl had sprang to the spot, and, seizing the little fellow, had drawn him out from the very edge of the wheel that would in another instant have crushed out his life. At the same time a gentleman and his wife came rushing from the house, and, finding their child unharmed, fairly hugged the preserver of his life.

But what words can tell the astonishment of George White when, the first excitement over, he recognized in the servant girl his own Annie Brigge!

It was a long day for George. He could not leave his post, and so wearily he made his long trips back and forth. Each time he passed No. 1284 he tried to catch a glimpse of her form, but not until evening came could he see her.

And then, what a long story of explanations. How she had been induced to come to Philadelphia by an advertisement intended to entrap unwary girls to ruin; how with native good sense and energy she had foiled the villains who laid the trap and exposed them to the authorities; how the magistrate had employed her in his own family, and how, on his return home on the afternoon of that eventful day, a check for five hundred dollars placed in her hands showed his gratitude for saving the life of his child.

And then substantial foundations for the castle in Elk county were laid, and Annie went in the winner of the scrub race.

THE CHALLENGE.

Graceful and agile in appearance and motion, as are the various members of the deer family, there is among its male members a considerable tendency toward pugnacity. Some of the larger varieties of male deer are ornamented with horns so immense, as to suggest to human beings, who wear no such appendages, the idea of great clumsiness and inconvenience.

The horns of the deer are about the most singular of all weapons. They would appear entirely unmanageable as means either of defence or of offence. But it is strange to see the freedom with which their owners hand lethem. The horns are never more than a year old, as they are shed every winter. The new ones begin to grow out about three weeks after those of the previous year are shed, and attain considerable size by May or June, reaching their full growth about August or September. But it is not until the colder weather that the pugnacious disposition of the deer is fully developed. For about two months the full-grown males are in splendid condition, and are ready for a fight whenever opportunity offers. Sometimes they fall upon each other almost unawares, but generally their encounter is the result of deliberate intention. Either in company with their families, or by themselves, in the retirement of the woods, two able-bodied deer frequently settle their differences by single combat. The challenge to combat is uttered in a fierce and deep bellow, which may be heard for miles. The response soon comes, and the conflict speedily follows. Sometimes on the edge of a crag, sometimes on the bank of a stream or lake, the warrior deer stands, bellowing forth his challenge.

The well-known paintings of Landseer, of "The Challenge" and its "Acceptance," which have been reproduced in engravings which ornament many a household wall, are graphic exhibitions of the expression of determined ferocity in the purpose of the challenger, and of desperate and dogged disposition for a fight on the part of the respondent.

Our large page engraving shows two combatants ready for action, and bellowing their views across the chasm between the crags. The female members of the family stand placidly by, as if persuaded that the fight is none of their affair.

The wounds made by the antlers of ese animals are fearful, and often result in the death of the combatants. But often a dead-lock occurs. The horns become locked, and the owners become fastened together. Then they bellow for a while, and sometimes kick each other violently with their hind legs, even thus inflicting dangerous wounds. When deer are locked together in this way, it frequently occurs that they die in each other's horny embrace, there being no help at hand to liberate them.

After the horn-shedding time, even the most quarrelsome of the deer calmly settle down and become as meek as sheep. The deer are becoming more and more scarce every year, on this continent, except in the unsettled parts and thickets. Among the Adirondacks, the inroads of sportive travelers have thinned them out and frightened them away, and there is every probability that, unless stringent laws are made and enforced against the reckless slaughter of these animals, they will, before many years, become altogether extinct.

THE great secret of success in life is, for a man to be ready when his opportunity comes.

ONE of the most important rules of the science of manners is an absolute silence in regard to yourself.

BAFFLED!

BY

Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

[This story was commenced in No 32, Vol. 5 Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXV.

AT LAWYER ST. HENRY'S.

Lawyer St. Henry sat at his well-spread breakfast table. He was a little man with a bald head and good natured red face, who enjoyed his breakfast as well as all his other meals. The sun shone on the street, and Mr. St. Henry sat in a room that faced it. Through the wire blinds he could see all the passings and repassings of his neighbors; which he very well liked to do; as well as the doings of Paradise Row opposite.

"Hallo!" he cried, catching sight of a face at Mrs. Jink's parlor window, "There goes the doctor: he's out early this morning. Going to see old Etheridge, perhaps: wonder how the old fellow is. And there's mother Jinks taking in a sweetbread. Must be for the parson's breakfast. Sweet breads are uncommonly good, too: I'll have one myself to-morrow morning, if it can be got. Why here comes Sir Karl Wynne! *He* is out early, too. That young man looks to me as though he had some care upon him. It's a nice countenance: very: and if—I declare he is coming here!"

Sir Karl Wynne was ringing the door-bell. It has been already said that the lawyer's offices were in Basham, for which place he generally started as soon as breakfast was over. Therefore, if any client wished to see him at Foxwood, it had to be early in the morning or late in the evening. This was known and understood.

Sir Karl was shown in, Mr. St. Henry glancing at his breakfast table and the three or four dirty plates upon it. He had finished now, and they sat down together at the window. Sir Karl, not to detain him unnecessarily, entered at once upon the question he had come to ask—some matter connected with one of his tenants, and which was very soon got through with.

Getting up to leave, as he stood for a moment at the window, there passed down the middle of the street a stranger, walking slowly, to whom Sir Karl's attention was at once directed. It was Mr. Strange.

"Who is that?" he asked.

"That! oh that's a Mr. Strange," said the lawyer, laughing again—and in his laugh this time there was something significant. "At least that's his name *here*."

"And not elsewhere?"

"I fancy not."

"Is he staying at Foxwood? What is he doing here?"

"He is certainly staying at Foxwood. As to his business, I conclude that it is something in the private detective line, Sir Karl."

Mr. Strange, whose attention in passing had been directed to some matter on the other side of the way, and not to the lawyer's window, consequently did not know that he was being watched, and halted a little lower down to speak to the landlord of the Red Lion. All in a moment as Karl looked at him, the notion flashed into his mind that this man bore a strong resemblance to the description given by Ann Hopley of the man who had invaded the Maze. The notion came to him in the self-same moment that the words of the lawyer fell on his ears—"His business I conclude, is something in the private detective line." What with the notion, and what with the words, Karl Wynne fell into a confused inward tumult, that caused his heart's blood to stop, and then course wildly on. Business at Foxwood, connected with detectives, must have reference to his brother, and to him alone.

"A slight-made gentleman with a fair face and light curly hair, looking about thirty," had been Ann Hopley's description; it answered in every particular to the man Karl was gazing at; gazing until he watched him out of sight. Lawyer St. Henry, naturally observant, thought his guest, the baronet, stared after the man as though he held some peculiar interest in him.

"Do you know who that man really is, Mr. St. Henry?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Sir Karl. No reason why I should not, for I have not been told to keep it secret.

"About a year ago, my agent in London, Mr. Blair, had occasion to employ a detective upon some matter he was engaged in. I was in London for a few days, and saw the man twice at Blair's—and knew him again now. It was this same Mr. Strange."

"And you say Strange is not his right name? What is the right one?"

"Well, I can't tell you the right one, Sir Karl, for I cannot remember it. I am sure of one thing—that it was not Strange. It was a longer name, and I think rather a peculiar name; but I can't hit upon it. He must be down

here on some private business, and has, no doubt, his own reasons for keeping incog. I recollect Blair told me he was one of the astutest officers in the detective force."

"And—you don't know what his business here may be."

"Not at all. Can't guess at it. It concerns neither you nor me, Sir Karl, and therefore I have not scrupled to tell you so much. Of course you will not repeat it again. If he chooses to remain unknown here, and pass himself off for a student of divinity—doubtless for sufficient reasons—I should not be justified in proclaiming that he is a London detective, and so possibly ruin his game."

Sir Karl made a motion of acquiescence. His brain was whirling in no measured degree. He connected the presence of this detective at Foxwood with the paragraph that had appeared in the newspaper, touching the convict at Portland Island.

"Would there—would there be any possibility of getting to know his business?" he dreamily asked.

"Not the slightest, I should say, unless he chooses directly to disclose it. Why? You cannot have any interest in it, I presume, Sir Karl, whatever it may be."

—"No, no; certainly no," replied Sir Karl, awaking to the fact that he was on dangerous ground. "One is apt to get curious on hearing of business connected with detectives," he added laughing; "as interested as one does in a good novel."

"Ay, true," said the lawyer, unsuspiciously.

"At Mrs. Jinks's, he is staying, is he," carelessly remarked Karl, turning to depart.

"At Mrs. Jinks's, Sir Karl; got her drawing-room. Wonder how the Rev. Guy would feel if he knew the man over his head was a cute detective officer?"

"I suppose the officer cannot be looking after *him*," jested Sir Karl. "St. Jerome's is the least sound thing I know at Foxwood."

The lawyer laughed a hearty laugh as he attended Sir Karl to the door; at which Mr. St. Henry's gig was now waiting to take him into Basham.

It was not a hot morning, but Karl Wynne took off his hat repeatedly on the way home to wipe his brow. The dreadful catastrophe he had been fearing for his unfortunate brother seemed to be drawing ominously near.

"But for that confounded Smith, Adam might have been away before," he groaned. "I know he might. Smith——"

And there Karl stopped: stopped as though his speech had been cut off. For a new idea had darted into his mind, and he stayed to ponder it.

Was this detective officer down here to look after Philip Salter? and not after Adam at all?

Passing into his own room, Karl sat down and strove to think the matter out. He could arrive at no certain conclusion. One minute he felt sure the object was his brother; the next that it was only Salter.

But this suspense was well nigh intolerable. Karl could not live under it. Something he must do. If only he could set the question at rest, as to which of the two criminals the detective was after, it would be a good deal gained. And he could only do that by applying to Mr. Burtenshaw. It was sure that he would, but there was a chance that he might.

Lady Wynne was in her little sitting-room upstairs, when she heard Sir Karl's footstep. He entered without knocking; which was very unusual. For they had grown ceremonious one with another since the estrangement, and knocked at doors and asked permission to enter, as strangers. Lucy was adding up her housekeeping bills.

"I am going to London, Lucy. Some business has arisen that I am very anxious about, and I must go up at once."

"With Plunkett and Plunkett?" she asked, a slight sarcasm in her tone, though Karl detected it not, as she remembered the plea he had urged for the journey once before.

"No, not with Plunkett and Plunkett. The business, though, is the same that has been troubling my peace all the summer. I think I shall be home to-night, Lucy: but if I cannot see the person I am going up to see, I may have to wait in town until to-morrow. Should the last train not bring me down, you will know the reason why."

"Of course your movements are your own, Sir Karl."

He sighed a little, and stood looking from the window. The first train he could catch would not go by for nearly an hour, so he had ample time to spare. Lucy spoke.

"I was going to ask you for some money. I have not enough, I think, for these bills."

"Can you wait until I return, Lucy? I have not much more in the house than I shall want. Or shall I give you a cheque? Hewitt can go to the bank at Basham and cash it."

"Oh, I can wait quite well. There's no hurry for a day or two."

"You shall have it to-morrow in any case. If I stay away as long as that I shall be sure to return during banking hours, and will get out at Basham and draw some money."

"Thank you."

"Good-bye, Lucy."

She held out her hand in answer to his, and wished him good-bye in return. He kept it for a minute in his, stooped, and kissed her cheek.

It brought a rush of color to her face, but she said nothing. Only drew away her hand, bent over her figures again, and began adding them up steadily. He passed around to his chamber, putting a few things in a hand bag in case he had to stay away the night.

Perhaps Mr. Burtenshaw was astonished, perhaps not, to see Sir Karl Wynne enter that same afternoon. He, the detective, was poring over his papers, as usual, but he turned from them to salute his visitor.

"Will you take a seat, Sir Karl, for two minutes. After that, I am at your service."

"You know me, then, Mr. Burtenshaw!" exclaimed Karl.

"The man who happened to come into the room with Grimley, the last time you were here, said you were Sir Karl Wynne," replied the officer, without scruple. "Take a seat, sir, pray."

"I have called here, Mr. Burtenshaw, to ask you to answer me a question honestly. Have you—stay though," he broke off. "As you know me, I presume you know where I live?"

"Quite well, Sir Karl. I was there once in Sir Joseph Wynne's time."

"Ay, of course you would know it. Now for my question. Have you sent a detective officer down to Foxwood after Philip Salter?"

"I have not," replied Mr. Burtenshaw, with, Karl thought, a stress upon the "I."

"But you know that one is there?"

"Why do you ask me this?" cried Mr. Burtenshaw, making no immediate reply.

"Because I have reason to believe, in fact to know, that a detective is at Foxwood, and I wish to ascertain what he is there for. I presume it can only be to search after Philip Salter."

"And what if it were?" asked Mr. Burtenshaw.

"Nothing. Nothing that could in any way affect you. I want to ascertain it, yes or no, for my own private and individual satisfaction."

"Well, you are right, Sir Karl. One of our men has gone down there with that object."

Karl paused. "I suppose *I* have led to it," he said. "That is, that it has been done in consequence of the inquiries I made of you."

"Of those you made of Grimley, sir, not of me. I had nothing to do with sending Tatton down——"

Karl caught at the name. "Tatton, do you call him?" he interrupted. And Mr. Burtenshaw nodded.

"He calls himself 'Strange' down there."

"Oh, does he? He knows what he is about, Sir Karl, rely upon it."

"Who did send him down?"

"Scotland Yard. It appears that Grimley, taking up the notion through you that he had found a clue to the retreat of Salter, went to Scotland Yard, announced that Salter was in hiding somewhere in the neighborhood of Foxwood, and asked that a search should be set on foot for him."

Karl sat thinking. If the man Tatton went down after Philip Salter, what brought him within the grounds of the Maze, watching the house at night? Whence that endeavor to get in by day, and his questions to Ann Hopley? Was it Tatton who did this?—or were there two men, Strange and Tatton?

"What sort of a man is Tatton?" he asked aloud. "Slight and fair?"

"Slight and fair; about thirty years of age, Sir Karl. Curly hair."

"They must be the same," mentally decided Karl. "I presume," he said, lifting his head, "that Tatton must have started on this expedition soon after I was here last?"

"The following day, I think."

"Then he has been at Foxwood over long. More than long enough to have found Salter if Salter's there, Mr. Burtenshaw."

"Salter *is* there," said the detective—and Karl pricked up his ears to hear the decisive assertion. "We have positive information from Tatton that he is on his trail:—I am not sure I ut that he has seen him. For the first week or two of Tatton's sojourn there, he could discover no trace whatever of the man or his hiding-place; but accident gave him a clue, and he has found both: found his hiding place and found him."

"Then why does he not lay his hands upon him?" returned Karl, veering round away to the impression that it must be Smith.

"It is only a question of time, Sir Karl. No doubt he has good reasons for his delay. To *know* where a man is hiding may be one thing; to capture him quite another. Too much haste sometimes mars the game."

"Tatton is going to remain at Foxwood, then?"

"Until the capture is accomplished. Certainly."

Karl's heart sunk within him at the answer. While Tatton was delaying his capture of Smith, he might be getting a clue to another escaped fugitive down there—Adam Wynne. Nay, had he not already the clue? Might not this very delay be caused by some crafty scheme to take both criminals at once—to kill two birds with one stone? He asked one more question.

"Mr. Burtenshaw, how was it that suspicion was directed at all to Foxwood?"

"Grimley took up the notion after your second visit here, Sir Karl, that you had a suspicion of Salter yourself. He fancied you were in the habit of seeing some one whom you thought, but did not feel quite sure, might be Salter. And he judged that person, whether Salter or not, must be near your dwelling-place—Foxwood."

Ay, Karl saw how it was. *He* had done this. He, and no other, had brought this additional danger upon his ill fated brother, whom he would willingly have given his own life to shield.

There was nothing more to be asked of Burtenshaw: he had learnt all he came to hear. And Sir Karl with his load of care got back to Foxwood by the evening train.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE DANGER IMPENDING.

Sir Karl was on his way home, and had nearly reached the Maze, when at a bend of the road there suddenly turned upon him a man with a cigar in his mouth, the red end of it glowing like a fire coal. The smoker would have turned his head away again, but Sir Karl stopped. He had recognized him: and his mind had been made up on the way from London, to speak to this man.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Tatton, I think."

Mr. Tatton might possibly have been slightly taken to at hearing his own name: but there was no symptom of it in his voice or manner.

"The same, sir," he readily answered, taking the cigar from his mouth.

"I wish to say a few words to you. As well perhaps say them now as later."

"Better, sir. No time like the present: it's all we can make sure of."

"Perhaps you know me, Mr. Tatton?"

"Sir Karl Wynne—unless I am mistaken," replied the detective, throwing away his cigar.

Sir Karl nodded, but made no assent in words. He would have given a portion of his remaining life to discern whether this man of law, whom he so dreaded, knew, or suspected, that he had not a right to the title.

"I have just come from London," pursued Karl. "I saw Mr. Burtenshaw there to-day. Finding that you were down here, I wished to ascertain whether or not you had come here in search of one Philip Salter, and I hear that it is so."

The officer made no remark to this. It might be that he was uncertain how far he might trust Sir Karl. The latter observed his reticence: guessed at the doubt.

"We may speak in perfect confidence, Mr. Tatton. But for me you would not have been sent here at all. It was in consequence of a communication I made myself, that the suspicion as to Salter reached Scotland Yard."

"I know all about that, Sir Karl," was the reply. "To tell you the truth I should have made my presence here at Foxwood known to you at once, and asked you to aid me in search; but I was warned at Scotland Yard that you might obstruct my work instead of aiding it, for that you wished to screen Salter."

"Scotland Yard warned you of that!" exclaimed Sir Karl.

"Yes. They had it from Grimley."

"The case is this," said Sir Karl, wishing with his whole heart he could undo what he had done. "I had a reason for making some inquiries respecting Philip Salter, and I went to my solicitors, Plunkett and Plunkett. They could not give me any information, but referred me to Mr. Burtenshaw. Burtenshaw introduced Grimley to me, and I saw them both twice. But I most certainly never intended to imply that Salter was in this neighborhood, or to afford just grounds for sending down to institute a search after him."

"But I presume that you do know he is here, Sir Karl."

"Indeed I do not."

The officer was silent. He thought Sir Karl was intending to deceive him.

"I can tell you that he is here, Sir Karl—to the best of my belief. I could put out my hand at this minute and almost touch the dwelling that contains him."

They were nearly opposite the Maze gates, close upon the gate of Clematis Cottage. Karl wondered, with an anxiety amounting to agony, *which* of the two dwellings was meant. It would be almost as bad for this man to take Salter as to take Adam Wynne, since the capture of the former might lead direct to that of the latter.

"You say to the best of your belief, Mr. Tatton. You are not sure, then?"

"I am as sure as I can be, Sir Karl, short of actual sight."

"Good night, Sir Karl."

The interruption came from Mr. Smith, who was leaning over his gate, smoking a pipe. Karl returned the salutation and passed on.

"He seems to have a jolly kind of easy life of it, that agent of yours, Sir Karl?" remarked the officer.

"Do you know him?"

"Only by sight. I have seen Mr. Smith about on the land; and I took the liberty this afternoon, meeting him by chance near the Brook field, of asking him what the time was. The spring of my watch broke last night as I was winding it."

Karl's heart was beating. Had he been mistaken in supposing Philip Smith to be Philip Salter? Had he been nursing a foolish chimera, and running his head—or, rather, his poor brother's head—into a noose for nothing? God help him, then!

"You seem to know my agent well by sight," he breathed, in a tone kept low, lest its agitation should be heard.

"Quite well," assented the officer.

"Is he—does he bear any resemblance to Salter?"

"Not the least."

Karl paused. "You are sure of that?"

Tatton took a look at Sir Karl in the evening dusk, as if not able to understand him. "He is about the height of Salter, and in complexion is somewhat similar, if you can call that a resemblance. There is no other."

Karl spoke not for a few moments; the way before him was darkening. "You knew Salter well, I conclude?" he said presently.

"As well as I know my own brother?"

Another pause; and then Karl laid his hand upon the officer's arm, bespeaking his best attention.

"I am sorry for all this," he said; "I am vexed to have been the cause of so much trouble. Your mission here may terminate as soon as you will, Mr. Tatton, for it is Smith that I was suspecting of being Salter!"

"No!" cried Tatton in surprised disbelief.

"On my solemn word I assert it. I suspected my agent, Smith, to be Salter."

"Why, Sir Karl, I can hardly understand that. You surely could not suppose it to be within the bounds of probability that Philip Salter, the fugitive criminal, would go about in the light of day in England as your agent does—no matter how secluded the spot might be! And five hundred pounds on his head!"

How a word of ridicule, of reason even, will serve to change our cherished notions! Put as the cool and experienced police officer put it, Karl seemed to see how poor and foundationless his judgment had been.

"The cause of the affair was this," he said, hoping by a candid explanation to disarm the suspicions he had raised. "A circumstance—I own it was but a slight one—put it into my head that Philip Smith, of whom I had known nothing until he came here a few months ago as my agent, might be the escaped prisoner Philip Salter. The idea grew with me, and I became anxious—naturally you will say—to ascertain whether there were any real grounds for it. With this view I went up to see if Plunkett's people could give me any information about Salter or describe his person; and they referred me to Mr. Burtenshaw."

"Well, sir?" interposed Tatton, who was listening attentively.

"I am bound to say that I obtained no corroboration of my suspicions, except in regard to the resemblance," continued Sir Karl. "Burtenshaw did not know him; but he summoned the man who had let him escape—Grimly. As Grimley described Salter, it seemed to me that it was the precise description of Smith. I came back here, strengthened in my opinion, but not fully confirmed. It was not a satisfactory state of things, and the matter continued to worry me. I longed to set it at rest, one way or the other; and I went up again to town and saw Grimley and Burtenshaw. When I came back once more, I felt nearly as sure as man can feel that it was Salter."

"And yet you did not denounce him, Sir Karl. You would never have done it, I suppose?"

"I should not," admitted Sir Karl. "My intention was to tax him with it privately, and—and send him about his business. Very wrong and illegal of me, no doubt; but I have suffered too severely in my own family by the criminal law of the land, to give up another man gratuitously to it."

At this reference to Sir Adam Wynne, Mr. Tatton remained silent from motives of delicacy. He could understand the objection; especially from a refined, sensitive, and merciful-natured man, as Sir Karl appeared to be.

"Well, sir, I can only say for myself that I wish your agent had been Salter: my hands would have been upon him before to-night. But is it true that you have no other suspicion?"

"What suspicion?"

"That the real Salter is in hiding at Foxwood."

Karl's heart beat a shade faster. "So far from having any suspicion of that kind, I am perfectly certain, now that you have proved to me Smith is not Salter, that he is not at Foxwood. I know every soul in the place and around it."

"Were you acquainted with the real Salter, Sir Karl?"

"No."

"You take no interest in him, I presume?"

"None whatever."

During the conversation they had been slowly pacing onwards, had passed the Court gates, and were fairly now on the road to Foxwood. It seemed as if Sir Karl had a mind to escort Mr. Tatton to his home.

"By the way," he said, "why did you call yourself Strange down here?"

"I never did," answered Tatton, laughing slightly. "The widow Jinks gave me that name: I never gave it myself. I said to her I was a stranger, and she must have misunderstood me; for I found afterwards that she was calling me Mr. Strange. It was rather convenient than otherwise, and I did not set it to rights."

Karl strolled on in silence, wondering how all this would end, and whether this dangerous man—dangerous to him and his interests—was satisfied, and would betake himself to town again. A question interrupted him.

"Do you know much of a place here called the Maze, Sir Karl?"

"The Maze is my property. Why?"

"Yes, I am aware of that. What I meant to ask was, whether you knew much of its inmates."

"It is let to a lady named Grey. Her husband is abroad."

"That's what she tells you, is it! Her husband is there, Sir Karl—if he be her husband. *That* is where we must look for Philip Salter."

Something born of emotion, of sudden fear, seemed to flash across Karl's eyes and momentarily blind him. A wild prayer went up for guidance, for help to confront this evil.

"Why do you say this?" he asked, his voice controlled to a calm indifference.

"I have information that some gentleman is living at the Maze in concealment, and I make no doubt it is Salter. The description of his person, so far as I have it, answers to him. Until to-night, Sir Karl, I have believed that it was to the Maze your own suspicions of Salter were directed."

"Certainly not—on my word of honor as a gentleman," was the reply. "I feel sure you are mistaken; I know you are. Mrs. Grey lives alone at the Maze, save for her servants: two old people who are man and wife."

"I am aware that this is the general belief. It's not true, though, for all that, Sir Karl."

"Indeed it is true," returned Karl, calmly as before, for he did not dare to show too much zeal in the cause. "I have been over there pretty often on one matter or another—the house is an old one, and no end of repairs seem to be wanted to it—and I am absolutely sure that no inmate whatever is there, save the three I have mentioned. I do not count the infant."

"Aye; there; the infant. What does that prove?"

"Nothing—as to your argument. Mrs. Grey only came to the place some five or six months ago. Not yet six, I think."

"Rely upon it, Sir Karl, the lady has contrived to blind you, in spite of your visits, just as she has blinded the outside world. Some one is there, concealed; and I shall be very much surprised if it does not turn out to be Salter. As to the two old servants, they are bound to her interests; are of course as much in the plot as she is."

"I know you are mistaken. I could stake my life that no one else is there. Surely you are not going to act on this idea?"

"I don't know," replied Mr. Tatton craftily. "Time enough. Perhaps I may get some other information before long. Should I require a search warrant to examine the house I shall apply to you, Sir Karl. You are in the commission of peace, I believe."

Sir Karl nodded. "If you must have one, I shall be happy to afford it," he said, remembering that if it came to this pass, his being able to warn the Maze privately beforehand, would be a boon. And, with that, they separated: the detective continuing to pace onwards towards Paradise Row, Sir Karl turning back to his own house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In proportion as we ascend the social scale, we find as much mud there as below, only it is hard and gilded.

Buddha's Commandments. — "By gentleness, overcome anger; by goods evil; by liberality, greed; by openness, and truth, dissembling and falsehood.

"Speak the truth; yield not to anger; give, when asked, of the little thou hast; by these three steps thou shalt go near the gods.

"The evil-doer mourns in this world, and he shall mourn in the next; in both worlds he shall sorrow. He grieves, he is tormented for the evil of his deed.

"The virtuous man rejoices in this world, and he shall rejoice in the next; in both worlds has he joy. He rejoices, he exults, seeing the purity of his deed.

"A man slothful, saying many good things, but not doing them, is like a herdsman counting the kine of others, but owning none."

The popular and healthy game of shinny has become considerably elevated since we were a boy. It is now played on horseback, in New York, and is called by the more high-toned name of "Polo." The only improvement in the game is that the horses get struck on the shins instead of the players.

LOVE FLOWERS.

Oh! who was watching when Love came by,
When Love came here in the glad spring hours?
The scarf was torn from his laughing eye,
And he wore instead a wreath of flowers.

The wreath of flowers his head went round
And about his eyes, as the scarf had been;
But in vain the flowery band was bound,
For he peeped the flowers and leaves between.

He wore no quiver, he wore no bow,
And once, at look'd as a blinded boy;
With flowers about him, above, below,
The spirit he seemed of spring and joy.

But here and there he let fall a flower,
The cruel, the bright little blinded god;
And watching, I saw that hour by hour
These blooms took root in the green spring sod.

And whoso plucks the flowers that grow
From the blooms Love flung from his wreaths above,
Though sweetest-seeming of blossoms they blow,
His heart shall be hot with the madness of love.

F. W. Bourdillon.

HOW TO PRESERVE THE TEETH.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

A tooth is composed of three different structures, or tissues—viz., the main portion, which is called the ivory or tooth-bone; the enamel, which forms a crust, as it were, over the whole exposed portion of the tooth. This enamel it is which gives to the teeth their chief beauty, or pearly appearance; it is most beautifully seen in the teeth of young dogs. The third structure is the cementum; this covers the roots, fangs, or unexposed portions of the teeth. Every tooth is hollow in the centre, being filled with what is called the pulp—a collection of cells, blood-vessels, and nerves, which are conducted in this hollow or central portion by a minute canal, which runs up through the roots of the teeth. This is all you need bear in mind, for our present purpose, about the structure of the teeth.

It may seem very hard, but it is none the less true, that we are only allowed two sets of teeth to last us a whole lifetime, and if we need any more we are to apply to the dentist for them. It is the object of this paper to show you how you can preserve your own natural teeth, and thus be independent of any dentist.

I have heard of babies being born with a fully-developed set of teeth; I have heard a great many things which I do not believe. Before telling you the time at which you are to expect the appearance of the milk teeth or the permanent teeth, let me try to explain to you the names they generally go by in medical phraseology. The incisors are what are commonly called the front, or cutting, teeth; behind them are the canine teeth—the pointed ones—we all know those; behind the canines are the first and second bicuspids, or anterior grinders—very handy teeth indeed; pity it is they should usually be the very first to decay. Behind these again come the first and second molars—back teeth, or big grinders; and last of all, and farthest back, come the third molars—the *dentes sapientiæ*, or wisdom teeth, so called because they seldom appear before we are twenty-one, and either married quite, or thinking about getting married. The lower posterior molars have only two roots or fangs, and quite enough, too, you will be inclined to think when you are having one pulled; but the molars in the upper jaw have three fangs, and sometimes four—it is terrible to think of!—and you need twice as much nerve and courage to have them taken out. Now, an adult has, altogether, thirty-two teeth, and a child or young person has only twenty.

The average period of the appearance of the child-teeth is something like the following:—Seventh month, two middle incisors; ninth month, two lateral incisors; twelfth month, first molars; eighteenth month, the canine; twenty-fourth month, the two last molars. The permanent or adult teeth take longer time to come, and appear in about the following order:—Sixth year, the first molars; seventh year, the two middle incisors; eighth year, the two lateral incisors; ninth year, the first anterior molars; tenth year, the second anterior molars; eleventh year, the canine; twelfth or thirteenth year, the second molars; seventh to twenty-first year, the wisdom teeth.

It has been said by a great physician that no one could be prevailed upon to take any trouble about his health, until death had once stared him in the face. Let us hope that the good doctor talked rather too figuratively. Nevertheless I've often been distressed to think how very little attention people as a rule pay to the commonest laws of health, and goodness knows they are simple enough! It does not even comfort me to think that if every one were wise and healthy, the world would soon be over-stocked, and the struggle for existence greater than it is now.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness," runs the proverb, and I've heard a man make this remark, who positively was rubbing his face with a wet towel, because he was too lazy to wash it. Will nothing ever convince men and women that, in order thoroughly to enjoy the *mens sana in corpore sano*, they *must* go in for thorough and complete ablution by bathing every morning of their lives? But if people are for the most part neglectful of their skin, tenfold more so are they of their teeth.

If you, young lady, are only careful of your teeth now, and cultivate habits of cleanliness as regards them in the way I shall point out, I can promise that you will have them still good, and nearly intact, when you are an old woman of ninety going on two sticks.

I myself had a feeling of pity for that ancient dame who was asked by a young man if she possessed any teeth.

"Na, na, my laddie," was the reply.

"Because," the youth added, "if you had any teeth I might have married you."

"Bide a wee!" cried the old lady eagerly, with a finger in her mouth—"*I've some old stumps back here!*"

Not only is digestion interfered with, from improper mastication of the food, but cases of dyspepsia may often be traced to this cause, combined with carious or decaying teeth, which actually poison the food that was intended for the nutriment of the body.

The tooth-brush is as much an indispensable article of the healthy toilet as is the hair-brush itself. Tooth-brushes should not be too hard, as they injure and sometimes indurate the gums; neither should they be too soft, else they are useless.

This is one thing which a great many people seem to forget, and that is that the inside and the crowns of the teeth, too, want cleaning as much as the outsides, although the outsides only are seen. You ought, therefore, to provide yourself with both outside and inside tooth-brushes, which can easily be procured at any respectable chemist's. Never buy a cheap article; it is dear in the end. Avoid india-rubber tooth-brushes; and remember always to rinse the brushes in cold water after using the brush. Perhaps it may be an additional inducement to the reader to be careful in cleaning the teeth, to inform him that parasites of a very ugly form, indeed, take up their abode in the human mouth where cleanliness has been neglected.

Brush the teeth at least twice a day, and after every meal it is a capital plan to rinse the mouth with pure cold water—no, not rose-water.

What tooth-powder is best? Well, the simpler it is the better, and some people very wisely use nothing but pure bi-carbonate of soda. This is excellent, although the taste is objectionable. Avoid tooth-pastes as a rule, and all powders the composition of which you are not acquainted with; they often put a beautiful pearly surface on the teeth at the expense of the enamel. Here is a simple powder and a good one:—Prepared chalk, half an ounce; orris-root and magnesia, of each one quarter of an ounce—mix. If the teeth be much discolored, get your chemist to add a little powdered cuttle-fish. Camphorated chalk is also very simple, and as good as simple. Rinsing the mouth occasionally with a wash of half an ounce of tincture of myrrh to six ounces of pure water, is a good preservative for the gums.

Neglected teeth, especially in some delicate states of health, are said to secrete "tartar." This is no secretion, but a deposit of the salts of the saliva. If there is much of it, the teeth must be scaled by a proper dentist; if not brushing the teeth with a soft brush, dipped in weak acetic acid, will have the desired effect.

Some people are afflicted—for it is an affliction, and a very great affliction, too—with a foul breath. This may arise either from the lungs, a disordered stomach, or from ulcerated throat or gums, or from decayed teeth. Be the cause what it may, no time should be lost in applying to a properly qualified medical man, to have the cause removed, or something much worse may follow. A solution of chlorinated soda, used as a gargle or wash, will sweeten the breath temporarily; but, depend upon it, this is merely trifling with what may turn out to be the sympsoms of some severe disorder.

Avoid toothpicks as much as you can. Use a quill, if anything. Never under under any consideration use a pin. Do you know what may happen to you if you do? Why, *odontalgia, caries, gomphiasias, odontophlegmone, odoni*— Oh, don't? well, I won't; but you mustn't use pins for toothpicks; you wouldn't like to have *rhizodontryphy* performed on you, would you?

Give you a cure for toothache. Well, I am sure I wish I could. You see toothache is of various kinds, and arises from various causes. If the teeth are decayed, they had better be cleaned and stopped, and they will last you for life. If the toothache proceeds from inflammation, rinse the mouth frequently with a strong solution of bicarbonate of soda in hot water; take a strong aperient in the shape of Epsom salts; stop the tooth with cotton-wool steeped in chloroform, or creosote, oil of cloves, cajeput oil, or tannic acid in ether. If you think it proceeds from neuralgia, take an aperient, several large (3 or 4 grain) doses of quinine, and continue the quinine three times a day, in one-grain doses, for a fortnight after the toothache is gone. It ought to be comforting to know that if attention is paid to the stomach and general health, if plenty of exercise is indulged in, if we are temperate in eating and drinking, and *take our morning bath* pleasantly, neither toothache, foul breath, nor spongy gums will ever be our unhappy lot; and, as an Irishman would say, the only tooth-powder we'll want will be clear cold water.

One word in conclusion to so-called "martyrs with toothache." Get the tooth out. Don't hesitate a moment. Go to the most respectable dentist within a radius of ten miles, and ask him to extract the offending molar.

FACETIÆ.

The Philadelphia boy who swallowed a slate pencil, was observed to cipher some time.

"Philadelphians are a stupid set," but in answer to an angry glance from the lady on his arm, he added pointing to the family gatherings at the front door, "I spell it stoop-ed."

Said a teacher: "What do the various objects that you behold upon the earth all display?" To which the boy of the "fust jography" class replied, in breathless haste: "Wisdom 'n goodness of th'equator."

Young miss, fond of pets—"Oh, I'm so glad you love birds, Mr. Snooks: what kind do you admire?" Young man, who is quite poetical—"Well, ahem! I think a good Turkey, with oyster stuffing, is about as good as any."

"Yer's advertised for a girl, mum, I sees in the paper," said a red-haired Irish girl to the lady of a house at which she applied for a place in the kitchen. "Yes," returned the lady, "but you are too late. I have already engaged one." "Oh, ye have," rejoined the girl. "Well, mum, it does'nt matter, for I'm goiog to the Centennial anyway."

"Miss Smith, does a cormorant eat strawberries?" "Law me! no, child. What put that into your head?" "'Cause ma told Sarah not to bring out the strawberries and cream until that old cormorant, Miss Smith, had left." About ten minutes afterward that child and his mother went up into the attic and played "peas hot and peas cold" for nearly an hour.

"This here Centennial star-spangled business is going too far," observed Grabler, as he picked his way home, last Wednesday night. "I don't mind seein' stars an' stripes a-wavin' all day; but dash my buttons if it's so right sing for every lamp-post to chuck stars an' spangles in your eyes when you happen to touch it accidently! See Mayor 'bout it in mornin'!"

A Young man called on his intended the other evening, and while waiting for her to make an appearance he struck up a conversation with his intended brother-in-law. After a while the boy asked:

"Does galvanized niggers know much?"

"I really can't say," answered the amused young man, and silence reigned for a few moments, when the boy resumed:

"Kin you play checkers with your nose?"

"No, I have not acquired that accomplishment!"

"Well, you'd better learn, you hear me?"

"Why?"

"'Cause, Sis says that yer don't know as much as a galvanized nigger, but that yer dad's got lots o' stamps, and she'll marry you anyhow; and she said when she got ahold of the old man's cigar she was agoin' to all of the Fourth of July perosahuns, and let you stay at home to play checkers with that bully-hock nose of yourn."

And when Sis got her hair fixed and came in, she found the parlor deserted by all save her brother, who was tying the tails of two kittens together and singing:

"Oh, how I love the Sabbath-school."

ONE DAY OUT OF SEVEN.

Birds cannot always sing;
Billows at times they ask, to nurse spent feeling,
To see some new, bright thing,
Ere a fresh burst of song, fresh joy revealing.

Flowers cannot always blow;
Some Sabbath rest they need of silent winter,
Ere from its sheath below
Shoots up a small green blade, brown earth to splinter.

Tongues cannot always speak;
Oh, God! in this loud world of noise and clatter,
Save us this once a-week,
To let the sown seed grow, not always scatter.

THE SEAMSTRESS.

BY S. A. M.

"THAT will do—yes, it is charming—quite the right style; do you not think so, mamma? I don't believe Madame Michau could have made it better," said Adela Jefferson, exultingly, as she examined a dress which was just relinquished by a pale, gentle, silent girl busily stitching at the other end of the apartment.

Mrs. Jefferson looked critically at the robe.

"Yes, it is well—very fair, indeed, and Miss Spencer has understood my instructions; but still, of course she could not have done without them."

"I never knew that my gentle, high-bred mother was a *modiste*," said Norman Jefferson, who had just entered the room, without, perhaps, lawful permission.

"Really, Norman, how you do startle me! And your father is coming too. Really, I shall be obliged to forbid the morning-rooms to all male comers," returned the mother, half-reprovingly, half-proudly, regarding her handsome and favorite son.

"My dear mother, the snow is falling thickly, the wind blows like a monster organ in a rage, and the fire in the library smokes, and the drawing-room is in agonies of dissolution, or revival, as the case may be. You really cannot send me away. It is cruelty to animals."

The lady shook her head. She fancied she had detected glances of admiration bent on the simply-attired dressmaker, which she could ill-brook from any one in the presence of Adela's queenly beauty.

Of course, there could be no rivalry in the case; but if Norman thought the girl worth looking at, there might be danger ahead.

And Mrs. Jefferson was a far-seeing pilot.

"Have you nearly finished, Miss Spencer?" she asked.

"I will be as quick as possible, ma'am," said the girl, calmly, "more especially as I wish to get home to a sick mother."

Mrs. Jefferson pushed the lamp nearer to the girl, and then she, her husband, son, and daughter drew near the fire, to chat over the morning's expected festivities.

"It's all very pleasant getting up these Christmas gaieties," remarked Norman; "but I often think we are, as a family, sadly deficient in near relatives to share them with us. We are peculiarly isolated in that respect," he continued, musingly. "Do you know, I often recall a remembrance of childhood in the shape of a fair aunt, not very unlike our Adele, and a little child, who was even more attractive to my boyish fancy. She was so sweet, so gentle and girlish in every little childish way."

Mr. Jefferson cleared his throat. His wife frowned gloomingly.

"Better forget all such nonsense, Norman; your aunt was not one of us. She exiled herself from her family, and deserves no thought or regret at our hands," she said.

"And why not, mother? She did not look like one to commit any evil deed. She seemed purity and sweetness herself," he said, thoughtfully, his eyes still fixed on the fair, wan face of the dressmaker, whose downcast eyes displayed to their full their long, thick lashes.

"No, boy—no. She did not marry beneath herself," interrupted his father hoarsely. "It was a venial error, and I have often repented I did not bring her to my home, when she was at last left a widow. But we were not so rich then as we are now, and your mother feared the consequences on our rising fortunes and your sister's future prospects, so I sent her a present, poor thing! and never heard of her more."

"You do not know whether she is living or dead?" said Norman, in astonishment.

His father was fain to nod assent.

"I have no doubt she went abroad, as we advised," put in Mrs. Jefferson, "Very likely she is dead, and her daughter married, by this time. Bless me, Miss Spencer, how you made me start! Have you finished, that you dropped the scissors in such a hurry, and almost overset your chair?"

"Yes, madam, I have finished; and if you please, I will go home at once," returned the girl, timidly.

"It is a dreadful night. Has she far to go? Can she not remain here, Margaret?" asked Mr. Jefferson of his wife.

"No, no, please. I must return to my mother. I do not mind," said the girl, anxiously.

"Very well, then; I will pay you at once."

And Mrs. Jefferson, eager to get her dangerous inmate out of the way, drew out her purse, and handed Miss Spencer her scanty dole.

"It is very cheap, certainly. Upon my word, I believe Madame Michau would have charged five times as much as this girl has charged," said Mrs. Jefferson, exultingly, as she held up the dress to view. "And it fits beautifully, I must say."

"Then I must say you should have given her twice as much as she charged, my dear, especially with a sick mother, and on such a night," remonstrated her husband.

"Dear me! you would spoil all these people, my dear," said the lady, scornfully. "I'm sure everthing is dear enough without raising them upon us, also."

"Only that they are as dear to them as to us," observed her husband. "But where is Norman? He has disappeared during the housekeeping argument."

"Perhaps he has gone to the theatre," said Adela. "He did talk of doing so, I remember.

No more was said, though the mother was not quite satisfied, even with all her faith in her darling son. Still, she was too wise to impart her fears to her husband, who, she was well aware, would only laugh them to scorn.

And when Norman reappeared some two hours later, she abstained even from asking any hazardous questions on the cause of his absence.

Miss Spencer had wrapped her cloak round her with one hand; the umbrella and veil obscured the light and occupied the other hand.

The snow was falling fast, and the ice becoming impassable, save with the utmost care and steadiness.

No wonder that her limbs trembled after that long day's work, and that in her haste she slipped, and would have encountered a dangerous fall but for the friendly support of some powerful hand.

She started round, to perceive that her kindly assistant was no other than the son of her employer.

"Thank you. I shall not be so careless again. You are very good," she said, as he offered her his arm. "I am not at all hurt."

"I hope you are not; but you must not run such another risk," he said, persistently.

She was, in truth, too thankful for what was well-nigh a necessary support to refuse longer, and for a few minutes they went on slowly and in silence.

"I quite forgot to ask you where you live," he said at last, with an amused smile at his own absurdity.

"It is not so very far; just on the next street; we are near the turning now. I need not trouble you any more," she said.

"I shall see you to your own door," he said, resolutely.

"But," she stammered, "I cannot—I dare not ask you to come in! Mamma would be angry."

"Is she so suspicious or so stern, then?" he asked.

"No, no; only she don't know I work at your mother's; and I would not," she added, "only for her sake, and I have so little connection."

"I do not understand you," said the young man, in bewildered surprise. "What dislike can your mother have to mine, when she has never, I presume, heard of, much less seen, her?"

"Then you—you do not know me?" said the girl, her feelings seeming to break through all reserve. "It was not intentional when you spoke of your aunt and cousin as you did?"

"My aunt and cousin!" repeated Norman, stopping short. "Then can it be—is it possible—that you—you are—"

"Your cousin, Maud Dasent," said the girl, sadly. "I ought not to have told you, perhaps, and you must keep my secret, only I am so desolate, and when I heard your kindly words, I could not help it—indeed I could not, and I fancied you remembered the little Maud of whom you spoke so kindly."

"And you are reduced to this—you my father's niece, are compelled to work for your living—to be exposed to such insolence—such hardships!" he exclaimed. "Maud, no wonder your mother hates our very name, and that your lip curled with scorn, as I noticed just now, at my poor mother's vain boastings."

"Hush—hush! If it did, I was wrong," said the girl, eagerly. "You must not speak or think thus of your mother, Mrs. Jefferson. Then your sister is so lovely—no wonder she's proud of her, and—"

"Call me, Norman; give me but the chance of seeing your mother—of imploring her pardon, and I will do anything!" exclaimed the young man.

Maud shook her head.

"I can call you Norman, if you like, for the name seems so familiar to me from my very childhood," she said; "but to take you to poor mamma—to agitate her by the knowledge of my deception—for such, I fear, it must be called—would be impossible. No, no; you must leave me now. Mamma will be only alarmed too much already; but I shall not forget your kindness, cousin Norman," she added with a sweet, childlike smile.

The young man longed to kiss the pretty lips turned so temptingly towards him; but he was too generous not to respect her loneliness, and he contented himself with pressing the small hand as he turned away.

But he followed at a distance till he saw Maud safe at her own door, and walked home slowly and silently, musing on the eventful walk.

* * * * * * *

It was some three months after, and the violets and camelias were heralding sweet, bright spring, when Mr. Jefferson entered his wife and daughter's morning room.

"Margaret, my dear," he said, "I have a very exciting piece of news for you—some that I am sure you and Adda will be exceedingly happy to hear. What do you think of a wedding in the family?"

"A wedding!" repeated the wife. "My dear how abrupt you are! I certainly did think Mr. Pierson very pointed in his manner to Adda the other night; but, nevertheless, I did not expect it so soon."

"Nor has it, and I hope never will come, my dear," replied Mr. Jefferson; "for I certainly never could give my consent to Adda's marrying a crabbed old man. No; our child will not be in a hurry to leave us, I trust. She will wear bridesmaid's jessamine before the orange blossoms. It is Norman who is going to be married. Guess the bride-elect."

"Well, it is very sly of him; and he has been very queer lately, and always out," said Adda, pouting. "Whoever is it papa? Blanche Vivian, or Clara Lore, or——"

"No, my dear; nothing so cold, or tall, or proud as your friends," laughed the father, cheerily. "It is the sweetest, most warm-hearted little creature possible, and our own kith and kin—your cousin Maud Dasent."

"Mr. Jefferson, are you mad? That beggar's girl? and after all that has passed? I will never speak to her, nor him either," gasped the mother; while Adda sneered as scornfully as she dared before her determined father, on whom her chief pleasures and comfort depended.

"Quite a mistake, my love. Maud will have $20,000 from a distant relative, who has kindly taken himself off this world's books. But mark me, Margaret, had she been penniless, I would have taken her to my heart as a daughter, thankful to atone for the past sin to her and her mother."

"And is she living—your sister?" asked the wife, sullenly.

"Thank Heaven! yes, though in most fragile health," replied her husband; "but she will want for nothing that wealth can give to restore her to strength and prolong her life. But are you not anxious to see your daughter and sister, ladies?" he added, triumphantly. "I would not announce her till I was prepared to prove my words by producing my little jewel." And, opening the door, and disappearing for a few minutes, he returned, leading in Maud, now blooming and blushing like a rose, and dressed in elegant though most simple and inexpensive costume.

"Miss Spencer!" burst from both mother and daughter.

"Why, my dear, you said——" continued the former.

"I said the truth, and no more; and another time I will explain all," interrupted Mr. Jefferson. "Now give a welcome to our future daughter—our long-lost niece."

Mrs. Jefferson inwardly confessed that Maud was almost as lovely and more graceful and refined, than her own idolized Adda, and that she could not be ashamed of so graceful a girl with $20,000 as a portion. And when she was persuaded to accompany her home, and saw the gentle, fragile sister-in-law, who was yet so unreproaching and patient, and when she did really satisfy herself as to the truth of the wonderful legacy asserted by her husband, all scruples and anger passed away; though it may be feared she scarcely repented the cold unkindness to Miss Spencer, while petting the lovely Maud Dasent. Nor did she ever know that her husband had risked hundreds of his own money to establish his sister and niece's claim as the next-of-kin to the deceased relative of Mr. Dasent, or that long ere its success was certain, he had given his sanction to Norman's love for "THE SEAMSTRESS."

PREVIOUS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

The history of international exhibitions is full of interest. There has been a steady development of the original idea until the primitive acorn is quite lost in the wide-branching oak. The idea originated with Prince Albert, who probably thought it would cure Englishmen of their intense national conceit. They not only believed, they knew they were superior to all other nations in personal vigor and ability and skill; that their mechanism, fabrics, works of art, and industrial methods were quite beyond comparison with those of other people. Prince Albert knew better, but he also knew better than to say so. He proposed a World's Fair, that each nation could see what other nations had achieved and discover its own deficiencies by the comparison. When the English people enlisted to carry out the excellent project they expected to win plaudits of universal admiration. That Exhibition smashed their idol. It taught them their deficiencies. It gave a new stimulus to mechanical improvements of all kinds. It revolutionized English art. The South Kensington Museum sprang directly from that Exhibition. The new schools of design, the 9,000 schools and classes of art and science, all date back to the impetus given to English effort by the Fair of 1851. Whatever of excellence English mechanicism and art present to-day are largely due to that exhibition.

This World's Fair was a financial success. It was admirably planned and skilfully managed from the first. And it showed manufacturers and inventors and artists the commercial value of such exhibitions, and thus stimulated a demand for them. Two exhibitions were soon held in Ireland—one at Cork and the other at Dublin. In 1855 a much larger one was held in Paris. An art exhibition was held in Manchester which brought together the choicest pictures and choicest collections, affecting a marked change in the taste of thousands of visitors. The New York fair was considered a remarkable exhibition at the time. The two industrial exhibitions held at Amsterdam and Haarlem in Holland were very successful financially and in their effect on trade and manufactures. These were followed by a number of small exhibitions at Florence, Naples, Brussels, Rome, and Havre. In 1862 the second Great Fair was held at London, and was greatly superior to the first in every respect, and especially in its artistic features. The gallery was one of the finest ever constructed for such a purpose; and this exhibition, which, it had been predicted, would prove a financial failure, yielded a profit to its projectors. This exhibition developed the idea into an institution. It was henceforth regarded as a fixed fact—a necessity of civilization. The Scandinavian nations combined in holding an exhibition at Stockholm in 1866, and another at Copenhagen in 1872; and both were visited and participated in by other nations. The second Paris Exposition, in 1867, was far superior to any that had preceded it. It was the most splendid affair of the kind ever held. And it still further broadens the original plan, making it more comprehensive in its scope and more varied and practical in its details and results. This was followed by the Imperial Exhibition at Moscow, in 1872, in which the first attempt was made at a thoroughly scientific arrangement and grouping of articles. It was held in the Alexander Gardens, and was over ten miles of ground. It was the most educative of the whole series of exhibitions ever held, but, unfortunately, it attracted little attention in Europe and was visited by a few except Russians. The Vienna Exposition of 1873 was more international in its character. But the cholera frightened visitors away in a panic and prevented thousands from going. It was poorly managed, and various circumstances conspired to hinder its success. It left a deficit of $9,000,000. But it stimulated the mechanical industries of Eastern Europe more than anything that had previously occurred, and demonstrated the educational value of these international exhibitions. Our Centennial is unprecedented in this fact, that it connects a national celebration with an international exhibition, thus identifying the independence and history of America with the industrial art and progress of the world. It is the largest exhibition in its scope and dimensions and the variety of articles on display; and considering the social and political elements that enter into it and cluster around it, and are its inspiring spirit and organizing mind, it is not too much to hope that it will prove the most important in its benefical results. —*The Graphic.*

THE MISTRESS OF THE MANSION.

"Well, Bridget, what do you think of the bride?"

"Oh, she's a pretty young thing; but if she had known as much as I do of her husband's mother, she never would have come to live with her. She's a perfect old hyena; and if she don't bring the tears into those blue eyes before the honeymoon is over, my name isn't Bridget! Why, she's the most imperint person I ever knew! She overhauled all her wardrobe, yesterday, before she could get here; and, as I passed through the hall, I heard her muttering to herself, 'Silk stockings, humph!—ruffled under-clothes! Wonder if she thinks I'll have them ironed here? Embroidered nightcaps! silk dresses! Destruction and ruin!'"

"I'll tell you what, Bridget, there never was a house built that was big enough for two families to live in; and you'll find out this won't be, I reckon."

* * * * * * *

"What! tears, Emma?—tears?" said the young husband, as he returned from his office, one day, about a month after marriage; and, with a look of anxiety, he drew her closer to his breast.

"Tell me, you do not so soon repent your choice?"

The little rosy mouth was held up temptingly for a kiss; and in the confiding countenance of his young wife, he read the answer his heart was seeking.

"What, then, is your pet canary ill? Can't you dress your hair to suit you? Or are you in despair because you can't decide in which of all your dresses you look prettiest?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Harry!" replied Emma, laughing and crying together. "I feel nervous, that's all. I'm so glad you've come home!"

Harry felt sure that was not all; but he forbore to question her, for he was sure she would tell him all in good time.

The truth was, Harry's mother had been lecturing her daughter-in-law all the morning upon the degeneracy of the times:—hoped she would not think of putting on all the fine things her friends had been so foolish as to provide for her—times were not now as they used to be—that if Harry gave her pocket-money, she had better give it to *her* to keep, and not be spending it for nonsense:—that a young wife's place was in her husband's house; and she hoped she would leave off that babyish trick of running home every morning to see her mother and sisters.

Emma had listened in silent amazement.

She was a warm hearted, affectionate girl; but she was very high-spirited.

The color came and went rapidly in her cheek; but she forced back the tears which were starting to her eyes, for she had too much pride to allow her mother-in-law to see them fall.

After old Mrs. Hall had retired, she sat for a moment or two recalling her words.

"Babyish to love my own dear home," she mused, "where I was as merry as a cricket from morning till night! Where we all sang, and played, and read, in mother's dear room, and father and mother the happiest of us all!" Then she rose and paced the room. "Babyish! I won't be dictated to!" repeated the young wife. "I'm married, if I am only nineteen, and my own mistress!" And the rebellious tones would come in spite of her determination.

But then she thought of Harry—dear Harry—whom she had already learned to love so well.

Her first impulse was to tell him. But she had too much good sense.

And so she smiled and chatted gaily with him, and hoped he had set it down to the account of "nervousness."

Still the hours passed slowly when he was absent at his business; and she felt uneasy every time she heard a step on the stairs, lest the old lady should subject her to some new trial.

"I wonder what has come over our Emma?" said one of her sisters; "she had grown so grave and matronly. I half-hated Harry when he carried her off; and I quite hate him now, for she's so sedate and moping. I desire to keep my head out of the matrimonial noose!"

Shortly after this, Emma's mother sent her some little delicacy, manufactured by herself, of which she knew her daughter to be particularly fond.

Mrs. Hall brought it into her room, and setting it down on the table as if she was testing the strength of the dish,

"I wonder if your mother is afraid you'll not have enough to eat here," she said. "One would think you were a child at a boarding school."

Emma controlled herself by a strong effort, and made her no reply, simply taking the gift from her hands, with a nod of acknowledgement.

Every day brought her some such petty annoyance; and her father-in-law who was old and childish, being quite as troublesome as his wife in these respects, it required all Emma's love for Harry to carry her through.

She still adhered to her determination, however, to conceal her trouble from her husband; and though he noticed she was less vivacious, perhaps he thought the mantle of matronly dignity so becoming to his young wife, that he felt no disposition to find fault with it.

In the meantime, old Mrs. Hall being confined to her room with influenza, the reins of government were very unwillingly resigned into Emma's hands. What endless charges she received about the dusting, and sweeping, and cooking, ending always with this soliloquy, as the door closed upon Emma's retreating form,—"I am a goose to tell her anything about it. She's as ignorant as a Hottentot; it will all go in one ear and out the other."

Emma exerted herself to the utmost to please her; but the gruel was always "not quite right," the pillows not arranged easily behind her back, or she expected to find "bedlam let loose" when she got down stairs, and various other encouraging prognostics of the same character.

"Emma," said Harry, one day, "how should you like living five miles out of the city? I have seen a place that just suits my fancy; and I think of hiring it on trial."

Emma hesitated. She wished to ask, "Does your mother go with us?"—but she only said, "I could not tell, dear Harry, how I should like the place till I saw it; but I fear it would take you too much from me. It would seem so odd to have five miles distance between us for the whole day. Oh, I'm very sure I shouldn't like it, Harry!"—and the thought of her mother-in-law clouded her sunny face, and, in spite of herself, a tear dropped on her husband's hand.

"Well, dear Emma, now I'm very sure you will like it,"—and his large dark eyes had a look she did not quite understand, even with all her skill and practice in reading them;—"and so I'm going to drive you out there this afternoon; and we'll see," said he, gaily kissing her forehead.

Thither they accordingly went.

"Oh, what a little paradise, Harry! Look at that cluster of roses! What splendid old trees! See how the wind sweeps the drooping branches across the tall grass! And that little low window latticed over with sweet-briar; and that pretty terraced flower-garden—oh, Harry!"

"Well, let us go inside, Emma."

And applying a key he held in his hand, the door yielded to his touch; and they stood side by side in a little rustic parlor, furnished simply, but yet so tastefully.

Tables, stands, and mantels covered with vases, sending forth fragrance from the sweetest of wildwood flowers: the long white muslin curtains looped away from a window, whence could be seen wooded hill, and fertile valley, and silvery stream.

Then they ascended into the chambers, which were as unexceptionable in their appointments.

Emma looked about in bewildered wonder.

"But who lives here now, Harry?"

"Nobody."

"Nobody? What a tease you are! To whom does all this furniture belong—and who arranged everything with such exquisite taste? I have been expecting every minute to see the mistress of the mansion to step out."

"Well, there she is," said Harry, leading here gaily up to the looking-glass. "I only hope you admire her half as much as I do. Do you think I've not seen my high-spirited little wife struggling with trial day by day, suffering, enduring, gaining the victory over her own spirit, silently and uncomplainingly? Do you think I could see all this, and not think she was the dearest little woman in the world?"—and tears and smiles struggled for mastery, as he pressed his lips to her forehead. "And now you will have nobody to please but me, Emma. Do you think the task will be difficult?"

The answer was highly satisfactory to the husband, as the reader may rest assured.

AGRICULTURAL.

THE wonderful progress of agriculture in the West during the last quarter of a century may be gathered from the fact that in Minnesota, according to reliable statistics, where in 1850, only 3,000 acres were under cultivation, and the production was 1,400 bushels of wheat, 8,000 of corn, and 18,000 of oats; there were in 1875, 2,816,413 acres under cultivation, and the products aggregated 31,475 bushels of wheat, 15,775,000 of oats, and 9,500,000 of corn.

THE best mules are bred in Kentucky, and it is not uncommon to find teams here sixteen hands high, and weighing 1,400 pounds each. Although occasionally there are larger mules, even as high as eighteen hands, such are rare and undesirable. The use of mules is rapidly increasing in this country, there being over 1,150,000 in use in 1870, against 570,222 in 1840. When properly and kindly treated, the mule is not the vicious animal he is generally supposed to be, and it is a mistake to be prejudiced against him on that account.

GROWING TUBEROSES.—To cultivate the tuberose, that most beautiful of all plants, put the bulbs in six-inch pots, three in each, and use a mixture of equal parts turfy loam, peat and leaf mold, and place it in a pit. Give very little water at first, and as they commence to grow freely, increase it and keep near the glass. When they begin to push up their flowers spikes, they will of necessity require to be placed where they will have sufficient space for the proper development of the tall spikes. These will come into bloom from August to October when they will require a temperature ranging from sixty degrees to seventy degrees, the latter being preferable. If want'd to bloom earlier the pots should be placed in a warm pit and on a hot bed, the temperature of which is about fifty degrees, to start them into growth more quickly.

PLANTING MELONS.—Hog manure, when well decomposed with its attendant litter, is the best fertilizer for melons, squashes and cucumbers. When that is not to be had, use the best well rotted barnyard manure that you have. Put two shovelfuls in a hill, mixed thoroughly with the soil. Let the seeds when covered be about level with the surface of the adjoining ground, 10 to 12 to a hill, to be thinned out to three or four plants, cover about an inch deep with soil that does not form a hard crust after a rain, and when the plants come up place boxes, open at both ends, over them to protect the plants from the bugs. These boxes need not to be made of boards over six or eight inches wide; and they are a sure preventive of depredations by bugs as they fly near the ground, and the growing plants are not seen by them. Land plaster is good to keep away all insects from plants where they are not otherwise protected. A little should be sprinkled upon them early in the morning while the dew is on. Ashes and every other substance that will stick to the plants will keep away the bugs.

Thanks "From the Depths of the Heart."

WELLINGTON, Lorain Co., O., Aug. 24, 1874.
DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:
Dear Sir—Your medicines, Golden Medical Discovery, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, have proved of the greatest service to me. Six months ago no one thought that I could possibly live long. I had a complication of diseases,—scrofula, manifesting itself in eruptions and great blotches on my head that made such sores that I could not have my hair combed without causing me much suffering, also causing swollen glands, tonsils enlarged, enlarged or "thick neck," and large and numerous boils. I also suffered from a terrible Chronic Catarrh, and in fact I was so diseased that life was a burden to me. I had tried many doctors with no benefit. I finally procured one-half dozen bottles of your Golden Medical Discovery and one dozen Sage's Catarrh Remedy and commenced their use. At first I was badly discouraged, but after taking four bottles of the Discovery I began to improve, and when I had taken the remaining I was well. In addition to the use of the Discovery I applied a solution of Iodine to the Goitre or thick neck, as you advise in pamphlet wrapping, and it entirely disappeared. Your Discovery is certainly the most wonderful blood medicine ever invented. I thank God and you, from the depths of my heart; for the great good it has done me.
Very gratefully,
MRS. L. CHAFFEE.

Most medicines which are advertised as blood purifiers and liver medicines contain either mercury, in some form, or potassium and iodine variously combined. All of these agents have a strong tendency to break down the blood corpuscles, and debilitate and otherwise permanently injure the human system, and should therefore be discarded. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, on the other hand, being composed of the extracts of native plants, barks and roots, will in no case produce injury, its effects being strengthening and curative only. Sarsaparilla, which used to enjoy quite a reputation as a blood purifier, is a remedy of thirty years ago, and may as well give place as it is doing, to the more positive and valuable vegetable alteratives which later medical investigation and discovery has brought to light. In Scrofula or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Goitre, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Old Sores, Inflammation, Mercurial affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the skin, and Sore Eyes as in all other blood diseases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical discovery has shown its great remedial powers, curing the most obstinate and intractable cases. Sold by all dealers in medicines.

POSTSCRIPTS.

—Man does not want to be an angel until he has failed at everything else.

—The German Empire contains sixty thousand schools and six millions dollars.

—With the opening of the seaside resorts the inevitable sea-serpent now puts in his appearance.

—A fashionable London preacher recently said: "St. Paul remarks, and I partially agree with him——."

—All rural New England is assembling vast piles of brushwood to celebrate by bonfires the coming Centennial Fourth of July.

—In 1670, according to Dr. Vossius, the population of Europe was only 42,000,000, or about what that of the United States is now.

—Prussia has 6,300,000 acres of forest and woodland; France, 2,700,000; Austria, 2,295,000; Bavaria, 3,294,000, and England, 112,570.

—De Witt Talmage kindly calls the dandy clergyman a stick of ecclesiastical candy—a moral peppermint—a religious chocolate drop.

—Professor Huxley has demonstrated that the horse is an evolved form from the *Orohippus*, the lowest equine animal found in the Eocene.

—A prayer-book weighing only an ounce is out. It is very suggestive. Light prayers, as well as light reading, are just the thing for summer.

—A few mornings since some vandal cut the beautiful ivy vine which, for over half a century, has overhung the grave of Benjamin Franklin.

—The price of consuls (not consols) is advancing in Europe. They have figured it out in Paris that the widows of the consuls murdered at Salonica will each receive two hundred thousand dollars indemnity.

—The N. Y. *Mail* says:—If young man's collars grow any higher, boob holes for the eyes will surely have to be cut at the same time the wisdom teeth are. No fashionable youth of the period can put his head back without executing himself.

DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP, (made by Cregin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.,) will satisfy the most doubting, of its great merit. Pure and white as snow. Try it. Make your grocer get it.

RECEIPTS.

To take grease spots from a floor, mix red clay into a paste spread upon the spot thickly; when dry take off and wash with soap suds; if not all out repeat.

A SIMPLE and effectual remedy for ivy poisoning is said to be sweet spirits of nitre. Bathe the affected parts freely two or three times during the day, and the next morning scarcely any trace of the poison will remain.

A STRONG PASTE FOR PAPERING ROOMS.—Take wheat flour, mix with it one fifth of its weight of powdered rosin, stir the whole in enough water to make a thin batter which is boiled until it is of a viscid consistence. In order to prevent the paste being gnawed by rats, etc., dissolve some sublimate in it, this not only prevents rats and mice, but all other vermin from being troublesome.

WHEN woolens are worn threadbare, as is often the case in the elbows, cuffs, sleeves, etc., of men's coats, the coats must be soaked in cold water for half an hour, then taken out of the water and put on a board, and the threadbare parts of the cloth rubbed with a half-worn hatter's card, filled with flocks, or with a prickly thistle, until a sufficient nap is raised. When this is done, hang the coat up to dry, and with a hard brush lay the nap the right way. This is the method pursued by dealers in old clothes.

HOW to deal with flannels and linens, forms an important chapter in the operations of the washing-tub. When flannel has become yellow through age, in order to whiten it dissolve a pound and a half of soap in fifty pounds of water, and add two-thirds of an ounce of spirits of ammonia. Place the flannel in the water, stir it vigorously round for a short time, then take it out and wash it in pure water. When black or navy-blue linens are washed, do not use soap. Take instead two potatoes, wash and peel them, and then grate them into tepid soft water in which a teaspoonful of ammonia has been put. Wash the linens with this, and rinse them in cold blue-water. They will need no starch, and should be dried and ironed on the wrong side. To preserve the natural color in buff linens, use an infusion of hay; an infusion of bran is equally serviceable for brown linens and prints.

(Quasi.)

ENDORSEMENT OF GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM BY THE DISTINGUISHED DR. L. A. SAYRE.

A lady of the haut ton, a patient of Dr. Sayre, discoursing on the use of cosmetics, he remarked to the lady: You are already aware, madam, that I am opposed to the use of all cosmetics, but as you ladies will use them, I recommend Gouraud's Oriental as the least harmful of all skin preparations.

"Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed."

Depot, 48 Bond street, New York. For sale by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S
Sarsaparillian Resolvent,
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT, PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR; CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.
ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. Radway's Regulating Pills

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO.,
32 Warren Street, New York.

Asthma.

THE subscribers are manufacturers and proprietors of Dr. R. W. Read's Celebrated Asthma Relief, which is undoubtedly the best asthma remedy yet discovered. Instant relief is guaranteed or purchase price refunded. We put up the medicine in boxes of three sizes, which retail for 25c., 50c. and $1. Persons remitting retail price will have the medicine promptly forwarded by mail, post-paid. Also samples sent free to all who may desire. Prices per doz. $1.75, $3.00 and $7.00; gross price, $12, $20, $72. Wholesale agents, John F. Henry, Curran & Co., N. Y.; John D. Park & Sons, Cincinnati, Ohio; Richardson & Co., St. Louis, Mo.; Lord, Smith & Co., Chicago, Ill.; E. C. Goodwin & Co., Boston, Mass.; French, Richards & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. Address ETHRIDGE, TULLER & CO., Rome, N. Y.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG. 4TH A.D.
1821

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

With Premiums.

For $3.00, the Post one year, 8 Centennial Medallions and Mounted Chromo

For $2.50, the Post one year and 6 Centennial Medallions or Mounted Chromo.

For $1.25, the Post 6 months and 2 Centennial Medallions or Unmounted Chromo.

For 75 Cents, the Post 3 months and one Centennial Medallion.

Without Premiums.

For $2.00, the Post for One Year.
For $1.00, the Post six months.

CLUB RATES:

Four Copies, one year, $7.00.
Six Copies, one year, $10.00.
Ten Copies, one year, $15.00.
Twenty Copies, one year, $25.00.

An extra copy free to any one getting up a club of ten or more.

Subscriptions can begin or additions be made to clubs at any time.

In all the above cases, postage will be paid by the publishers.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
Payable in advance.

Fifty cents per line of space, Agate measurement, for each insertion.

SPECIAL NOTICES, 75 cents per line.

READING NOTICES, $1.00 per line.

Address all orders and make all drafts payable to

BENNETT & FITCH,
726 SANSOM STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Saturday Evening, June 24, 1876.

FAVORABLE SIGNS.

Very soon the candidates for President will be selected, and active work begun to secure their election. May the best man win! We allude to the subject only to congratulate the country on the difficulty experienced by the party managers in finding the men they could feel assured would be the most available candidates. Had it been otherwise, had the eyes of the whole nation been turned to one man towering head and shoulders above all his fellows, it would have shown the presence of a great common danger to be averted and a man raised up for the emergency, or a dearth of ability giving easy prominence to the admitted prodigy.

Another pleasing feature is the admission by the politicians that a great deal of independent thinking is done by the people. The days are happily passing when voters are content to keep within party traces for party's sake. It is true that nominating machinery is yet too greatly under control of those who ply in politics as a thrifty trade, but the alarming whizzing of the wheels at times, makes the manipulators pause less the whole apparatus be broken. Very good lessons have been given in local politics to many who have undertaken to "run the machine" regardless of public sentiment. Reversible political coats are not as unfashionable as once, and almost certain defeat awaits glaring unfitness. Conventions may be necessary to propose candidates, but the people should freely exercise the right of disposing of them, and they are gradually learning to do so.

CURIOSITIES OF FORGETFULNESS.

"My dear, what *is* my name?" asked an impetuous little Frenchman of his better half, one day as he stood in his store in New York, vainly trying to sign a check. A dozen waiting customers surrounded him, and being utterly confused, he could not rally his memory to its work. This is vouched for as true by one who witnessed the amusing scene, and though perhaps an extreme case, is almost paralleled by daily occurrences. Every newspaper published can tell that numerous letters containing money for subscriptions are received, and the writer appears to have forgotten that he had a name, or that it was necessary to let it be known, for there is no signature. So the publisher has no clue to the sender, and is obliged to wait until a while after comes a communication blazing with wrath and bristling with sharp words, denouncing the cheat who has taken his money and made no return, etc., etc. We remember one case of this kind where the complaining epistle was also unsigned, and the money is yet awaiting the name of the claimant.

Hundreds forget to give their proper address, which is sometimes made out by consulting the postmark, but frequently can not be ascertained. Sometimes subscribers forget to inclose the money, but can not be convinced afterward that there was such an omission, and dishonesty is charged against the Post-office Department or the clerks at the publication office.

Sudden and almost unaccountable losses of memory occur in the experience of most persons. You start to get something from the next room; on reaching the place you find yourself staring blankly and wondering what was wanted, and can only recall it by going back to where the article was first thought of. A speaker occasionally is horrified by some word dropping from recollection just as it is wanted. A young man in opening an address which he intended should be very effective, commenced "On this occasion I feel much"——he wanted to say "embarrassment," but the word had fled! He conveniently coughed, and began again, "On this occasion I feel much"—— It was of no use, the new start had not helped matters. Then he groped around for some other word to fill the gap, and two presented themselves, neither of them suitable, but the case was desperate, and he made first a splutter and then a bolt, in this wise: "I feel much hesi— bash—bashi—hesi—*hesitancy*!" The laugh came in, and his pet speech was spoiled.

On a similar occasion a speaker turned quickly to a friend sitting near, and in agony whispered: "Give me a word!" "Yes, yes," was the prompt reply, "What word do you want!"

A FALLACIOUS FOLLY.

"Contentment is better than wealth." This favorite head-line for copy books, which we have all written many times, is a proverb to which almost everybody assents, and happily nobody believes in. Idleness is better than the fruits of labor; laziness is better than money; sleep is better than strength; death is better than heaven—how would such proverbs commend themselves? Wherein do they differ from the smoother copy-book wisdom?

Who is, or ought to be satisfied with his present condition? Only he who has secured illimitable attainments. To press forward, to do more, to gain, is the very essence of life. The man who tries to rest on what is already possessed, will find it infinitely harder work than to strive for more. He must needs hold down the springs which have heretofore furnished motive power, and confine the steam which has driven his engine. Restrained energy will finally assert itself; the man will collapse, or explode in some folly.

It is wise to patiently bear present ills until they can be remedied; it is supreme folly not to try to cure them. Repining, fretfulness, chafing under present restraint and trying to get out of difficulties, are unhealthy accompaniments of discontent, just as there may be aggravated symptoms attending growth of the body. These need to be checked, but not the growth itself. The ambitious boy who would seek a wider field for his powers than the corn field seems to offer him, needs to be taught that his work there may fit him for the career his hopes promise him. Show him how to gain the future by right use of present life. If he have the undeveloped power which ambitious hopes often foreshadow, it is ruinous to try to snub it down with an easily quoted proverb. Thousands lose faith in themselves and all teaching, because of such unwise repression, and become contented dullards or reckless rakes.

A NEW WANT WANTED.

Inventors find their ingenuity more taxed nowadays to know what field to experiment in, than to supply existing wants. Every thing needed by the eye, ear or hand, all household appliances, machinery for every imaginable purpose and contrivances for thousands of things that nobody wants done, seem to have been provided. A most profitable business might apparently be opened up in furnishing ideas as to what to invent. Now on the general principle that necessity is the mother of invention, may we not expect some genius to appear and supply this present need of the times. He will be a benefactor. Civilization consists largely in the discovery and supply of new wants. Each such advance opens new branches of industry, provides for increasing population and additional sources of enjoyment.

Apparently a very fertile field is also open for discovering the wants which many things already invented can supply. When warming pans were shipped to the West Indies they were found to be just the thing for ladling and straining molasses. Whowill reap fame and money by turning several thousand "traps" which now lumber the patent office, to some useful account? Can not some expert physiologist invent a new pain for the benefit of pill makers? Surely the remedies in the market are altogether disproportioned to the number of diseases. Who will crown himself prince of inventors by bringing about a state of society which some of the theories of the day will fully fit, and thoroughly furnish and finish?

AMUSING THEMSELVES.

A magazine writer, telling us about the theatre in the olden time, relates the following incident:

On these benefit nights the strange occupants of the front seat of the pit had an original method of making room for a friend who happened to be belated. He was passed clean over the heads of the pittites until he reached the middle of the row where his chums were seated. Then he dropped down in the centre, and his friends squeezed outward to make room for him, thus unseating the "end men." These, displaced in their turn would go to the back of the pit, mount a bench, and getting its occupants to give them a good "send-off," throw themselves forward on the heads of those in front. It was the interest of these to help them on, and they did so with a will. Thus the end men were again unseated, and thus the process was kept up *ad libitum* between the acts.

MOVING THE WORLD.—"What are you doing, Charlie?" "Making the world shake," was the answer. The little four-year-old was "jouncing" himself, as he called it, up and down in his chair, as he sat before the open window, and was greatly interested in watching the effect it seemed to have on the buildings and trees and fields before him. Older boys, politicians, preachers, reformers, etc., not unfrequently get up similar personal earthquakes.

DO YOU HEAR THE BELLS!

BY OLIVE BELL.

Do you hear the bells? Blithe matin bells,
Ringing cheerily in the newborn day;
Their jubilant chimes, like anthems rise,
From steeples lived, old and gray.
The sluggard stirs in his slumber deep,
The lark soars up with a thrilling lay,
As brazen bells, swaying to and fro,
Ring in the birth of the summer day.

Do you hear the bells? Holy vesper bells,
Ringing in the solemn hour of prayer;
While rich and poor, reaches their chimes,
Proclaiming His love, and tender care.
Their melodious chimes, ripple softly through,
The peaceful calm of the evening air,
While spotless lilies swing odorous bells,
Flooding the earth, with incense rare.

Do you hear the bells? Merry bridal bells,
Ringing out a maiden's careless life;
Ringing in new joys, for fruition has crowned
Her love, with the holy name of wife.
Now the joyous peals swell grandly up,
Now throbbing faintly, the bell-notes fall,
While the golden glow of the setting sun,
Like a halo of glory, brightens all.

Do you hear the bells? Sad, funeral bells!
Slowly tolling the solemn death knell;
We hear his voice—our dead's hushed voice,
In each tenderly sweet, melodious swell.
O, beautiful chimes! O, sad-voiced bells!
Ringing out his life, so pure and grand,
Ring strength and faith into falling hearts,
As we watch for the Saviour's beckoning hand.

ONE WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

BY ETHEL ALLEN.

"Indeed I have tried not to care for him. I know he does not desire my love, but somehow, Kate, I can't help thinking of him!"

And May Milton laid her golden head on the lap of her bosom friend, Kate Holowell, and sobbed convulsively.

"You dear little goose!" said Kate, with tears in her own bright eyes, "don't you know you must not believe every thing a young gentleman says to you? Now, according to your own account, you have known Mr. Reece only three weeks. Of course I know you have seen a good deal of him in that time; you have been to the theatre twice, taken half a dozen rides, as many walks, spent perhaps six evenings together, and now, because he evidently cares no longer for your acquaintance, you are crying your pretty eyes out, and making your face the color of that scarlet bow at your throat. You were foolish enough to fancy that as he had paid you considerable attention, and made a few sentimental remarks, he must be dead in love with you; my poor, dear child, you don't understand men as well as I do. I would venture to wager something, that at this very moment, Mr. Reece is saying to some other pretty girl the same sweet nothings he said to you, if there happens to be a pretty girl anywhere near him. If not, he may condescend to flirt with a homely one, rather than lose his usual evening amusement. Now take my advice and don't mourn for such a fickle, unstable, inconstant fellow as John Reece, if he is rather handsome and fascinating, and all that! I know you do really care for him, May, but say bravely to yourself that he isn't worth caring for, and before you know it, you will find that you have forgotten him. Don't think me unsympathetic, dear; I know just how you feel. Haven't I 'been there,' as the boys say. Some one treated me once just as Mr. Reece has treated you, but I can never be fooled so again. This is only a girl's fancy, May; by and by, when the true love comes, you will laugh at this foolish liking of yours. But I must not preach any longer, or mother will think I am lost. She always worries so if I stay out after dark. Kiss me, May, and promise you will forget that miserable John Reece. I am sorry for him if he ever should cross my path. Good-bye, little one." And with a parting embrace Kate vanished through the front door.

I would not like to repeat the adjectives she bestowed upon Mr. John Reece during her homeward walk; but just as she reached her room, she exclaimed, "I have it!" and there was a broad smile on her face the whole evening long.

One bright afternoon, about a week later, Mr. John Reece, editor of the *Chronicle*, sat in his sanctum leisurely perusing the morning paper. He was a tall, fine-looking young gentleman, with blue eyes, dark hair, and a luxuriant brown moustache. Good natured, genial, easily influenced, he was liked by every one, and worshipped by his employees. His friends used to say they could talk John into anything, and he had been known to change his mind six times in one day, about a single business arrangement. He was not a bad fellow at heart, but thoughtless of others when his own gratification was involved; apt to exaggerate, to use a polite term, and an irreclaimable flirt.

Just as Mr. Reece finished the "leader," and was about beginning a commercial article, there came a knock at the door, and in reply to his summons to enter, there tripped into the room as pretty a girl of nineteen as the sun ever shone upon. Such lovely brown hair and eyes as she had, and what an exquisite color there was in her cheeks. Mr. Reece was on the *qui vive* for a flirtation at the very first glance.

"I called," she began, "to ask you to look over a sketch that I think would be just the thing for your paper. It is not very long, and I know you will find it interesting," she added, smiling bewitchingly.

"I shall be most happy to read it," said Mr. Reece, bowing politely. "May I ask what papers or magazines you have been writing for?"

"O, I am only a beginner as yet. I have had very little published so far," stammered Kate Holowell, for she it was. "I suppose it is your custom to pay for contributions?" she said, composedly.

"Certainly," answered the editor of the *Chronicle*, "we always pay well for everything that we publish. I am taking on a good many new contributors just now," smiling serenely, with a total disregard of the truth.

"Don't you think you could find room for me? I should so like to become a regular contributor to the *Chronicle*!"

"I shall certainly endeavor to *make* room," with an admiring glance. "If you will be kind enough to call Wednesday, I will give you an answer in regard to your story. Allow me to open the door," and with the lowest of bows, the editor of the *Chronicle* said good morning to his fair visitor.

"By Jove but she's pretty!" he exclaimed when alone. "Didn't I fix it nicely so as to get her down here again? Wonder who she is, anyway?" Kate B. Holowell, he read on the manuscript. "Probably a *nomme de plume*. Regular trash I suppose, but I'll take it if I have to say it's lost when she asks why I don't publish it. Wish I had told her to come Tuesday instead of Wednesday. Jove, but she's pretty and no mistake!"

You may be sure Mr. John Reece was in his office bright and early on Monday morning; nor could he be induced to vacate his post, although his brother from the interior of the State arrived unexpectedly, and did his best to persuade him to make a call in the western part of the city. By three o'clock in the afternoon he began to grow slightly impatient for the appearance of his fair contributor, and had just lighted his sixth cigar, and was meditating a descent to the printing office to refresh himself by a chat with some of the pretty compositors, with whom he was on excellent terms, when the clerk in the outer room announced the arrival of a lady to see Mr. Reece. If possible, Kate Hallowell looked prettier than ever, in her new spring suit of ashes-of-roses, with a crimson rose in her coquettish gray hat.

I am sorry to say the fair young authoress remained longer than was absolutely necessary for the purpose of transacting her business in the office of the editor of the *Chronicle*. It was wonderful with what rapidity their acquaintance progressed. In half an hour Kate had discovered that Mr. Reece was unmarried, not even engaged, cared nothing for society, although fond of dancing, was twenty-four years old, and liked bananas extremely.

"Miss Holowell," Mr. Reece said politely, when at last that young lady rose to go, with a check in her little red pocket-book, "I should be happy to have you bring me some more of your sketches."

"I shall endeavor to do so," she replied, smiling sweetly. "I hope I have not detained you too long this afternoon? Indeed I did not mean to stay more than five minutes, but I was so interested in your account of your college life, that I quite forgot the time. So you see it is all your fault!"

"I was delighted to have you stay, I assure you. I have so few lady visitors that I consider it a great treat to receive a call from a lady. Good afternoon!" And the editor of the *Chronicle* retired to his sanctum to meditate on the wonderful becomingness of red roses to a girl with brown hair and eyes.

"I don't see how it is," he soliloquized, "that I fall dead in love with every pretty girl I meet. Two months ago now, I thought I couldn't live without that little May Milton; but I soon became tired of her baby face. Wonder if she has ever thought of me since? I suppose she has cried her eyes out because I haven't called. I am always getting into some scrape or other. Don't see how it is. I wish the girls wouldn't believe every word a fellow says. I would venture to say that that brown-eyed Miss Holowell thinks I am quite taken with her. She wouldn't be so far wrong either. But I suppose I shall get tired of her soon, just as I have of the others. However, I'll have some fun while the fancy lasts. She certainly is a regular beauty!"

It was on a lovely morning in May that Mr. Reece next met Kate Holowell. He was hurrying up Courtland street, and to his delight she paused to speak to him, and inquired, blushingly, when her story would appear in the *Chronicle*.

"I am sorry to say," began Mr. Reece, "that we are so crowded with matter at present that I hardly think your sketch will be published before September. But although we are so overstocked we are glad to take anything really good, and if you will bring me what you have written lately I will gladly look it over. May I not have the pleasure of walking a square or so with you?" he added, as she was about saying good morning.

"Certainly," replied Kate, with the prettiest imaginable color coming into her cheeks.

I do not believe it is necessary to record all the conversation that followed. Suffice it to say that before they had gone four blocks, Mr. Reece was desperately in love with his fair companion, and had paid her many a compliment. In fact, when they parted he had won her reluctant consent to his calling upon her at her home on the following evening, and to cut matters short, about a month from the first day they met he asked the important question. For the first time in his life Mr. John Reece was really in earnest; for the first time in his life he was honestly and truly in love.

It was on a beautiful moonlight evening that he asked Kate to marry him, although he had had considerable experience in proposing to pretty young ladies, yet, nevertheless, his voice faltered, and he stammered as though he had never before in his life made a declaration of love to a girl. Had he forgotten the blue-eyed damsel he met at a masquerade; or the nut brown maiden he saw at a fashionable wedding; or numerous other beautiful belles he had loved and deserted?

Kate did not answer at first when he told her he loved her; but she murmured: "How can I be sure you are in earnest? You have known me such a short time."

"But I have loved you from the first moment we met," he interposed eagerly. "You are the first woman I ever loved. I never knew what it was to love until I met you, my darling. Life will not be worth having unless you promise to be my wife."

"Indeed, I can't answer you now. You must give me time to think. I hardly know whether I like you or not."

"But you will give me a chance to show I am in earnest, Kate?" he said solemnly. "As sure as there are stars in the heavens, I love you."

It was nearly September, when the last scene in this little drama was played. In vain had Mr. Reece tried to discover whether or not Kate really cared for him. One evening she would be so charmingly kind and considerate as to send him home in an ecstasy of delight, and, perhaps, the very next night cruelly torture him with jealous doubts. On the day in question, she was in her sweetest mood, and looked most bewitchingly beautiful.

"Kate, have you not known me long enough now, to answer the question I asked you once?" said Mr. Reece tenderly. "Are you not satisfied now that I am in earnest?"

"Yes," faltered Kate.

"Then say you will be my wife? Promise to marry me."

"Never!" and Kate's brown eyes sparkled with indignation. "Mr. Reece," she went on more calmly, "the man I promise to marry must be a man in every sense of the word. He must be too noble to amuse himself by breaking girls' hearts, by flirting with whoever he meets. I acknowledge that this little affair has been as much my fault as yours; but I had an object in view. I wished you to fall in love with me, that I might have the pleasure of saying "no" to you. You never hesitated to make love to a girl and when you were tired of her, cast her aside as you would an old glove. I have led you to think I would marry you some day, but now I find I did not know my own mind. I am tired of you; that is all. Allow me to wish you good evening."

Half an hour later, a certain pair of brown eyes were heavy with tears, as the owner sobbed to herself: "If he *was* really in earnest, I wish I had said yes after all!"

WHITE LIES.

Some alipahod moralists insist that it is permissible, and, indeed, commendable, to tell fibs in cases where the utterance of the plain truth might give offence or pain. That this doctrine is practically carried out in society we all know. Persons who wish to avoid receiving unwelcome visitors without resorting to a positive rebuff, direct their servants to say they are "not at home." "Glad to see you," is the greeting with which a man of polished manners meets the bore whose appearance he regards with horror. Invalids past hope of recovery are informed by smiling friends that they are looking better every day. Rash men of business are congratulated on their brilliant prospects by those who know they are on the verge of ruin. In fact, never to utter disagreeable truths, and to deal liberally in agreeable falsehoods, seem to be the accomplishments—negative and positive—most indispensable to individuals who desire to be "perfectly at home in polite society." To such courteous hypocrisy we cannot subscribe. It may sometimes be inexpedient to tell the truth, but never necessary to invent falsehoods for courtesy's sake. Infinite harm is done by what are called "White Lies." In nine cases out of ten, the plain truth, kindly spoken, is beneficial to those who seek counsel, advice, or any kind of information or aid. In no case is falsehood, however well intended, really justifiable. When it is deemed unwise to speak the truth, say nothing.

PAINTING is the most facile and accommodating of all the arts. The most facile because, even in cases where it is more of a craft than an art, we tolerate and take pleasure in much of it on account of the subject matter; partly because technical skill, however spiritless in point of execution, impresses the educated and uneducated alike, so that it is generally acceptable if it rises but partially to the level of art. Truth in coloring, in surfaces, and in the relation of visible objects to one another, is in itself pleasing; and as the eye, moreover, is accustomed to see everything a misshapen object, either in reality or in counterfeit, is not as offensive to it as a discord is to the ear. We tolerate the sorriest copy because we habitually see yet sorrier objects. If the painter, therefore, is but in some degree an artist, he will find more public appreciation than a musician of the same rank. The minor painter, at least, can always act by himself, whereas the musician of like standing must cooperate with others in order to produce some effect by means of combined performances.

BRAINS.—A brain attains its highest utility, as distinguished from its highest development, observes a medical contemporary, when it can not only absorb from others and direct its own further evolutions, but can also organize and regulate the working of other brains under its own superintendence and control. This power it is which enables the rising merchant or manufacturer to utilise other brains, either to use them for purposes of comparative mental drudgery, or to perform higher work under the immediate superintendence of the ruling brain. By such means the single brain can multiply its work indefinitely by a well-selected series of other brains under itself, a few brains of comparative high order regulating the working of numerous brains of a lower order, which perform the purely mechanical mental work. Such is the organization of a first-rate business in full working order.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

A GREAT many papers indulge in cutting satire; that is, they cut it from other papers and pass it off as their own.

SCHOOLS to teach girls plain needlework are proposed in New York. It is needless to say that the success of such schools will prove only sew-sew.

AN old lady's criticism on the Italian statuary at the Centennial Exhibition was brief and characteristic: "La, how shocking; but they didn't cost their husbands and parents much for clothes."

THE Begum of Bhopal is building a free hospital at her capital as a memorial of the Prince of Wales' visit to India. And the Prince says: "I didn't expect that, Begum."

"MR. STINE, of York county, offers $600 to any one who will find him a wife." Why doesn't he propose to some young lady and make a wife of her, instead of offering a premium for a ready-made wife?—although there are plenty of men, no doubt, who would gladly part with their wives for half the sum.

A WORD to the wise is sufficient. The 5th, 6th and 7th of July have been selected for the grand competition of military bands at the Centennial; and if you live within twenty miles of the grounds, and are not deaf, those days will be a good time to go to Pottsville to hear the Molly Maguire trials.

ALMOST 1,000,000 paper collars are made in this country every day; and yet when the rear button-hole of a single collar gives way, when the wearer is making merry at an evening sociable, it is with great difficulty that he suppresses language unfit for publication.

NEARLY five months of leap year have gone down the cycles of time, and we have not heard of a single instance in which a young lady was arrested for loafing around church doors and spitting tobacco juice on gentlemen's dresses. The ladies don't assume their special privileges, worth a cent.—[Norristown Herald.

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

THE Bible Societies exhibit the Scriptures in 200 different languages.

AUSTRALIA exhibits ninety-three varieties of apples.

SIXTY thousand newspapers were on hand at the Newspaper Pavilion on the opening day of the Centennial Exposition.

THE State of Connecticut, which is a machine-shop from one end to the other, makes a grand display of its multifarious manufactures.

THE non-paying attendants, including exhibitors and assistants, officials, judges, State Boards, and press correspondents, number over 12,000.

As a resort during the heat of a summer's day the Newspaper Pavilion is exceedingly eligible, provision for ventilation having been so made that a cool atmosphere always pervades the edifice.

AN amusing contrast is presented by two newspaper directories—one of 1776, the other of this year. The former is 16 pages, each 13x19½ inches, and its Lilliputian dimensions beside the proportions of its bulky companion recall forcibly the immense growth of the American papers in the past century.

THE greatest curiosity on the grounds is the New England log-house. Dinner, Yankee fashion, at one o'clock. The crowd is so great you must get tickets in advance. Yankee girls in old-fashioned costumes, and carrying an old-fashioned work, with the oldest of old-fashioned implements, give a peculiar charm. It is always thronged.

THE charm of music, as rendered by Gilmore's famous Seventh Regiment Band, has been added to the other attractions of the Main Building, and the air is filled with the richest harmonies. In the intervals between the orchestral performances some one of the organs or pianos on exhibition are generally played by artists in attendance; so that there is a continual concert, in which all the musical instruments ever invented add their contributions to the concord of sweet sounds.

A LARGE model of what is claimed to be the largest pumping machinery in the world has been placed on exhibition in Machinery Hall, and is attracting no little attention. The exhibit is in the British department, and is enclosed in a glass case. As there are in the model 3430 separate and distinct pieces, it is needless to say that the machinery is complicated. The original is at work in Codigro, near Ferrara, Italy, and is said to have a capacity of lifting 2000 tons of water from ten to twelve feet high per minute. The machinery consists of a pair of compound, surface condensing engines, with centrifugal pumps.

THE Weather Department in operation excites a great deal of interest and close examination on the part of visitors to this department. "Old Probs" has become a fixed institution, and his prognostications are carefully consulted every day by all classes of newspaper readers. The manner of collecting reports from signal service stations, relative to the condition of the weather (velocity and direction of the wind, condition of barometer and thermometer, &c.) at the points telegraphed from, the process of calculating from these reports, and the making up of the weather maps and reports, is all shown lucidly in the section occupied by the Signal Service Department.

IN the Chinese department at the Exposition are many vases and articles in ivory of wonderful workmanship. Several of these specimens of patience and skill required as long as fifteen years to complete, and are valued at from two to three thousand dollars each. Many costly and valuable articles were found to be broken when taken from the original packages. Before being placed in position the Chinamen in charge employed several women to cleanse some of the dusty articles. While doing this a vase worth about fifteen hundred dollars slipped from the hands of one of them and was shattered to atoms on the floor. When the Chinamen heard the crash, we learn from a bystander at the time, they jumped as if struck by a cannon ball, making an exclamation something like "By gala," a form of oath common perhaps to the Celestials, but quite obscure to "outside barbarians."

ONE of the most striking exhibits in the Women's Pavilion is a large, handsome bedstead, most richly and elaborately carved by Miss Hattie and Miss Mary Johnson. This is made of walnut inlaid with ebony, and was originally intended as a present to their brother in a distant Western city. The panels at the head are carved to represent the lattice-work on the porch of their childhood's home, and on this has been carved the familiar trumpet flowers and Virginia creeper. On the posts are fine carved copies of the poppy and lily, typifying sleep and innocence, and above the central decorations are two exquisitely painted panels of slate, on which are morning-glories closed for night. At the front are the same flowers, opened by the vivifying rays of the rising sun. The inlaid ebony is all of pretty designs and every inch of remaining space is rich with intertwining vines and flowers. This one piece of furniture is valued at $600.

THE Centennial Guard found a new sphere of usefulness the other day. A lady who had suddenly discovered that it was necessary to obtain a lunch in order to satisfy the cravings of her appetite, and that it was inconvenient to carry her infant through a dense crowd, requested one of these individuals to protect her offspring until she returned. A well-spring of the milk of human kindness sprang into the officer's manly bosom, and he blushingly accepted the charge. After holding the *enfant terrible* for two or three hours, however, the guardian of the peace became horrified at the thought that he would be made the possessor of a probable orphan, when, to his immense relief, the mother returned, took her child, thanked him, and stopped every word of complaint by the inquisitive declaration: "What are the Centennial Guards kept here for?" The couple parted, the former with sad reflections upon female perfidy, and the latter with good-natured calmness.

IN the Women's Department is a most curious article, no less than a whistle made from a pig's tail. This caudal appendage has been hardened by some mysterious process, and from it has been made a whistle. The musical instrument is very much twisted, as might be expected when the material from which it is manufactured is taken into consideration, but still, it gives forth a shrill noise, and is in every respect a veritable whistle. Over this strange exhibit are inscribed the following lines:

"There's a proverb as ancient as Scotland's thistle
That out of a pig's tail you can't make a whistle;
We believe we've accomplished the wonderful thing,
And all who may wish can make this tail sing."

It is to be presumed that this triumph has been achieved by some one of the feminine gender, but the lady has modestly withheld her name from an anxiously-inquiring public.

THE most wonderful piece of work in the Main Building, so far as beauty, and skill, and artistic finish is concerned, is a Pagoda, made by S. H. Penley, for the exhibition of his wares. The frame-work is made in the usual manner and then every part is ornamented in the most exquisitely tasteful manner by flowers, and vines that are made out of small pieces of rattan reeds,—or the waste of the cane, used in making chairs. The wonderful part of it is, that each flower, each ornament, is made of a large number of small pieces of rattan, that are first shaped, cut to the required size, and then glued together. No one leaf, flower, or ornament is made of a single piece. The posts are ornamented by strings of daisies, the sides of the house by bunches of flowers, and the eaves by hanging bells, while upon the roof is a great eagle. Mr. Penley says there are over 4,000,000 pieces of rattan used in the ornamentation, and that there were fifteen hands kept constantly busy for over four months to complete it. This building is a marvel in its way.

JUST north of Horticultural Hall, in the grounds of the great Exhibition, is a temporary annex under canvas, in which is displayed a splendid collection of rhododendrons brought from England. There are over fifteen hundred plants, embracing fifty-two distinct and described varieties, and they are all or nearly all in bloom. The clusters are almost innumerable, and of all varieties of tint, from a pale lilac to a deep crimson. Words afford no adequate means of description of this rich display of flowers coming back to us from England to outrival the descendants of their own common ancestry—the wild rhododendrons of the mountain slopes of the Alleghanies. The plants from which this magnificent English collection descends were taken from the United States about a hundred years ago, as the gentleman in charge informs us, and they exhibit the progress of a century of cultivation in horticulture. They are now in the highest beauty, and are expected to remain so for about a week longer. Those who miss the sight will regret it.

Echoes from Fairy-land.

GOLDEN-HAIR.

There was once a king's daughter who was so exceedingly handsome that no princess could be more beautiful, and as her looks were thoroughly yellow she came to be called Goldnairs—the diminutive of Golden-Hair, by which charming name, if you please, she shall here be styled, while you listen, if you will, to her strange adventures.

You shall also know that this hair went down to her feet, and would have gone further, only it was very much curled, and so the locks did *not* trail on the ground.

She always wore a coronet of white flowers, and her name was ever embroidered in small pearls upon part of her bodice and her white dress.

Now, a neighboring monarch had a son, very proper to look upon; and who, hearing so much of the Princess Golden-Hair, came at last to the conclusion that he must take the trouble of looking for himself, and decide if she was as fascinating as report represented.

He travelled with cool carelessness to the neighboring Court, and then there was an end of his indifference, for after one glance at the Golden-Hair, he fell so desperately and hopelessly in love, that he could eat nothing; while, on the other hand, his throat was feverish, and he drank more of the lemonade and orange drinks of that country than had ever before been known to be consumed by mortal man, prince or peasant.

You must know that he made this visit in secret, and was then so ashamed of himself for having gone to his neighbor's Court in this clandestine way, that he did not declare himself.

So he hurried home again as fast as he could, and, after holding counsel with the King, things were very soon put in trim.

An ambassador, one of the most important men in the kingdom, was named, and such a coach was built as had never been seen before. It was almost worthy of Golden-Hair, which is saying a great deal to begin with.

Behind the empty coach travelled the ambassador, attended by a hundred gentlemen and their servants, in magnificent liveries and gold, so that the poor people, seeing the cavalcade pass at dawn, took it for early sunrise.

It was quite understood that the Princess was to be brought back to Court, that she might marry the heir to the throne, after the order that had prevailed there for many hundreds of years, for the happy land was very humdrum, and had never known the heir to the throne to go away from home to get married.

Once the ambassador on the move, the Court would find nothing to talk about but the coming marriage, and they only followed the expressed belief of the old King when they supposed that there would be no difficulty about the wedding.

In fact, so certain was the sovereign concerning the refusal, that he ordered the Crown Princess's robe and crown to be manufactured, and also the whole court to be present when the shape and make of these important articles were to be discussed.

Well, while the Court was babbling, and all the royal tradesmen were hard at work, on went the magnificent ambassador towards the Court of the royal sire of Princess Golden-Hair.

Reaching it, he was received with all honor; but he was rather dismayed when the King told him he had determined to allow his daughter to decide upon her marriage for herself.

He was utterly dismayed when the amiable Princess smiled, and said she was delighted with the compliment paid her by the offer of marriage, but she had no desire so far to take to herself a husband. It was her will and pleasure to remain at the court of her father, and do all she could in order to please him.

The poor ambassador felt his head rocking on his shivering shoulders.

All, however, he could do was to bow, and retire.

And go he did, taking with him all the wonderful presents with which which he had been furnished, and he had prayed the Princess to accept, although she refused the hand of his master's son.

But Golden-Hair, though very young, was far too wise to listen to any such proposal, and, never for one moment ceasing to be gracious, absolutely and positively refused the presents.

In, fact, as to that matter, she cared nothing for diamonds and other precious stones, for which indifference of opinion, indeed, every other lady at Court beyond herself blamed her exceedingly.

However, in order to avoid appearing superior to gifts, she accepted a packet of very superior needles, and observed that she would be careful to make them last a long time.

Well, when the ambassador reached home with the fine carriage as empty as when it left the city, there were great cries at Court, and the courtiers were quite unwilling to cease exclaiming against the audacity of the Princess's refusal.

As for the Prince, he was in such a critical condition that an order was issued forbidding the bells to be rung, because the chimes ceaselessly reminded the sufferer they would never clash for his union with the Princess Golden-Hair.

Altogether, it was a most painful business, for in those days people were very loyally and profoundly dismayed when anything went wrong with a royal personage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ONE good mother, said George Herbert, is worth a hundred schoolmasters. In the home she is "loadstone to all hearts, and loadstar to all eyes." Imitation of her is constant—imitation, which Bacon likens to "a globe of precepts." But example is far more than precept. It is instruction in action.

THE GATHERING TOGETHER AND ONWARD MARCH OF A GREAT REPUBLIC.

By A. H. WHARTON.

PART XXII.

THOMAS PAINE.

The history of this remarkable man is a subject that cannot be approached without dread; so confused a medley of good and bad traits, does his character present; so grand was his genius; and so unpardonable were his errors! Turning from one biographer, who eulogizies Tom Paine beyond the bounds of reason, to another, who censures him in equal measure, we sigh for a historian, who, the rage of party spirit having abated, without raising Paine to the throne of a god; or picturing him as a fiend incarnate, will show to the world that

"Temperance, with golden square,
Betwixt them both, can measure out a mean."

One who will separate his great political works from the mass of unsound and irreligious writings that followed, saying: thus far Paine wrote and thought nobly, and for the good of mankind; here he faltered, there he fell; and sifting the numerous personal accusations brought against him; discard those advanced by avowed enemies, only considering those made by impartial persons, of whom there were, alas, too many!

No contrast could be imagined more striking than that presented by the biographies of Cheetham and Vale. The one an Englishman and a malicious enemy of Paine; the other his blindly devoted admirer, who delights in representing the vices, that he finds it impossible to deny, as amiable weaknesses or the eccentricities of greatness.

Genius—native genius, that owes little to the training of the schools, must ever be regarded as a great gift to the world, and looking at the expansion of Paine's genius during a certain crisis of our national history, in the light of the necessities of the hour, and the happy result attained by his writings, we cannot fail to pronounce his work a great one.

Thomas Paine was born at Thetford, in the county of Norfolk, England, January 1737. His origin was humble, his father being a respectable tradesman and his mother, the daughter of an attorney of Thetford. It may be interesting to know that the father and mother of this man, who later wandered so far from the truths of revelation, belonged, respectively, to the Society of Friends, and to the established Church of England. At a grammar-school in the town, Paine acquired the rudiments of an English education and a slight knowledge of Latin. At the age of thirteen he was taken from school and put to his father's trade.

In 1759, Paine settled at Sandwich, as a master stay-maker, and soon after married Mary Lambert, who died the following year. In 1768 he removed to Lewes, where he was married a second time; from this wife, Elizabeth Ollive, Paine was separated before he came to America. It is said that while residing at Lewes, where Mr. Paine's talents gained him an entree to the best society of the town, a remark made at table by one of his companions, set him to thinking deeply upon the rights of kings, and helped to lead his thoughts into those channels from whence his ideas upon government, subsequently matured and expanded, were drawn forth for "Common Sense" and the "Rights of Man." Mr. Verral's observation was that, Frederick of Prussia was, "the best fellow in the world for a king; he had so much of the devil in him."

It was in pursuance of Dr. Franklin's advice that Paine decided to emigrate to America, yet when Franklin first met this man in London, he was "ruined in his fortune and prospects; of no literary reputation, but for one pamphlet, in which he pleaded the unpopular cause of the excisemen." Yet Dr. Franklin, occupying a high position in public confidence and esteem, had the genius to appreciate the abilities of the quondam tradesman whose mind, amid lowliness and poverty, was reaching forth to solve some of the greatest problems of the day.

Mr. Paine reached Philadelphia in the latter part of the year 1774, bringing letters of introduction from Dr. Franklin. Soon after his arrival, he made the acquaintance of Mr. Aitkin who was about to commence the publication of the Pennsylvania Magazine, of which Paine became the editor. It was in Aitkin's book-store that Dr. Rush met him, having been led to seek Paine's acquaintance on account of the interest excited by some articles written by him on the subject of slavery.

Coming to our country at a period when popular indignation was at its height, roused by the oppressions of the mother country, yet when the excited minds of *even the leading spirits* of the day, had, while gathering around the pyre of certain dearly prized liberties, not learned to read in the embers the prophecy of *revolution* and *independence*, we can readily imagine the effect of this man's bold words. He put in form the thoughts that brooded in a confused mass over the councils of the nation, composed of men so conscientious in their inherent loyalty to England that they were unwilling to withdraw themselves from her sway as long as compromise seemed honorable. Paine's arguments, in favor of a complete separation from Great Britain, came like a healthful northern breeze upon a sultry August day. He tells the Colonists that nothing but independence is worth struggling for, and in a chapter in "Common Sense," in which he discussed "The present state of American affairs," shows a power almost clairvoyant in reading the future of this land, freed from English rule. He then proposes a form of representative government, and the framing of a Continental Charter answering to the magna charter of England, ending the chapter thus: "Freedom hath been hunted round the globe. Asia and Africa have long expelled her. Europe regards her like a stranger, and England has given her a warning to depart. Oh! receive the fugitive and prepare in time an asylum for mankind." Widely was "Common Sense" read and reflected upon, and not small was the influence exerted by its bold and conclusive arguments upon the great questions then pending. Men first touched the pamphlet cautiously, as if something explosive and dangerous, but quickly growing into hardihood from the contact, grasped its truth with a firmer hold.

After General Washington's defeat on Long Island, Paine wrote, in one of a series of articles entitled the Crisis: "These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will in this crisis shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now deserves the thanks of man and woman." As a recognition of his distinguished services to the United States, Mr. Paine received the degree of M. A. from the University of Pennsylvania, and was chosen a member of the American Philosophical Society. In 1785 he received from Congress a donation of $3,000, and 500 acres of land from the State of New York. Having seen the Government of the United States established, the author of "Common Sense" repaired to England, where in 1792 a prosecution was commenced against him, on account of his views expressed in the "Rights of Man." With this portion of Mr. Paine's career, whether in England watching from a distance the progress toward revolution of the French nation, or in France entering actively into the events of the hour, we have little to do. Interesting as it is, we must pass it over with only this comment, that, although Paine was ever the avowed friend of the liberties of the people, he voted against the destruction of Louis XVI, and used his most powerful arguments to prevent that sacrifice. He remained in France until 1802, when he returned to America and established himself on his farm, two miles from the village of New Rochelle.

We are not prepared to enter into any discussion regarding the subject of Paine's intemperance, during his life in New Rochelle, although the wretchedness of his habits during these years has been attested to by the best authorities. It is sad enough, aside from the tyranny of any such vices, to think of this brilliant genius, which should have shone out like a star in the heaven of truth, having wandered and lost its way in the midst of infidelity. No more melancholy picture has ever been presented to the world than that of this man, whose talents had once given him so powerful an ascendancy over the minds of men, living alone friendless, homeless—in the truest sense of the word—with no light of human friendship or consolation of Divine love to illuminate the grey and sullen winter of his cheerless old age. To the last Paine adhered to the sentiments avowed in his "Age of Reason," and although he seemed anxious to die, expressed great solicitude as to the final disposition of his body after death. He desired to have his remains interred in a Friend's burying ground, saying *that his father had been a Quaker and he had more respect for them than for any other Christian sect.* This request was denied which affected Paine deeply. He died June 8, 1809, in his seventy-third year, and his remains were interred on his farm, near New Rochelle, the following inscription being placed upon the headstone: Thomas Paine, author of "Common Sense."

Paine's bones were subsequently removed and carried to England, the place of their final sepulture being unknown.

The headstone over the grave in New Rochelle, was broken, and at last utterly demolished; but, in 1839, a new monument was erected, by some of Paine's admirers, over the site, bearing the original inscription.

We have spoken of Paine's most celebrated political writings, and of the "Age of Reason," which gained him unenviable renown as a deistical writer. Among his contributions to general literature are "a Song on the Death of General Wolfe," an elegant essay on the riches of the earth, and some verses written to a former friend and correspondent, interesting because they present to us the dreams and fancies of a man, whose mind was occupied with weightier matters. This lady was in the habit of writing to Paine from "The Little Corner of the World," while he addressed her from his "Castle in the Air," and the following verses were written, when, after a suspension of their correspondence, during which time Paine believed her to be living in obscurity and distress, he met her in Paris, the prosperous wife of Sir Robert Smith:

"In the regions of the clouds, where the whirlwinds arise,
My castle of fancy was built;
The turrets reflected the blue of the skies,
And the windows with sun-beams were gilt.

The rainbow sometimes in the beautiful skirts
Enamell'd the mansion around.
And the figures that fancy in clouds can create
Supplied me with gardens and ground.

I had grottoe and fountains, and orange tree groves
I had all that enchantment has told;
I had sweet shady walks for the Gods and their loves,
I had mountains of coral and gold.

But a storm that I felt not, had risen and rolled,
While wrapp'd in a slumber I lay;
And when I look'd out in the morning, behold!
My castle was carried away.

It passed over rivers, and valleys, and groves,
The world it was all in my view—
I thought of my friends, of their fates, of their loves,
And often, full often, of you.

At length it came over a beautiful scene,
That nature in silence had made:
The place was but small—but 'twas sweetly serene,
And checquered with sunshine and shade.

I gazed and I envied with painful good will,
And grew tired of my seat in the air:
When all of a sudden my castle stood still,
As if some attraction was there.

Like a lark from the sky it came fluttering down,
And placed me exactly in view
When who should I meet, in this charming retreat
This corner of calmness—but you.

Delighted to find you in honor and ease.
I felt no more sorrow and pain,
And the wind coming fair, I ascended the breeze,
And went back with my castle again."

A WOMAN'S FOOT.

The foot is the base, the support of the body, and it should neither be too small to support it firmly, nor, for beauty's sake, seem to be so. If a woman were too weigh 200 pounds at forty, her foot would not be appreciably longer than it was when she weighed only some hundred or so at fourteen. The most beautiful foot known is that of the Venus di Medici, and that is neither remarkably short nor remarkably narrow. Most women would look upon it as rather large. Indeed, the Venus could not wear "ones," nor indeed, although she is rather a small woman, "twos." But so much the better for her. As to her foot, it is a thing to be looked at daily with delight and admiration. A perfectly beautiful woman's foot should be in length a little less than one-seventh of her height. It should be arched on the top so that the line is that of one-half of Cupid's bow, and underneath so that if it is wet and set upon the floor it will leave in the middle only a slender watermark. It should be broadest across the ball, and the rosy toes, of which the second should be the longest, should spread flat upon the ground at every step. The heel, which should also be rosy, should descend almost in a straight line from behind the ankle, and should be delicately rounded. It should be as white as ivory and marked upon the soft and cushion-like instep with faint indications of blue veins. It is remarkable that there seems to be some very fascinating idea connected with a woman's foot, and particularly with its length, for to "know the length of a woman's foot" has long been, according to an old adage, to enjoy the highest degree of her favor.

LIFE'S TRIALS.—By the prayer of those nearest and dearest to him, is a man often softly drawn away from an immortal purpose. Where power and strength might avail nothing, tears and a little love avail much to shake the soul's sense of some pitiless duty. An infant's little hand may thus draw the just man from justice, the righteous man from righteousness; for justice and righteousness are alike awful, while to stoop and kiss is sweet. When a man's house is armed in affection against him, when, instead of help and a sword, he finds on his own hearth only feebleness and a love that cannot understand, strong indeed must be his purpose, supreme indeed must be his faith, if he walks still onward and upward to the heights of God.

BOTANISTS have a class of plants which they name *incomplete*; we might in the same sense speak of incomplete, imperfect men—those, namely, whose longings and strugglings are not in proportion to their doing and performing.

A SAILOR'S FORTUNE.

A Romance of the Land and the Ocean.

By FRED HUNTER.

CHAPTER XV.

THE NOTARY MEETS FONBLANC, AND ONCE MORE DECEIVES HIM.

When Monsieur, the notary, reached home, he repaired at once to his private room, in Paris, where the first thing that attracted his notice was a "private" letter, which he discovered lying upon his desk. It was posted at Havre; and he quickly opened it, to read as follows:

"MONSIEUR:—Agreeably with your request to be watchful, we have omitted the employment of no means to discover the whereabouts of your young friend, *Fonblanc*, in whose fate you have taken so deep an interest; and we now have the pleasure to inform you that he called, to-day, upon the owners of the brig in which he sailed from France, on his first voyage—which vessel, you will remember, was lost.

"The young man arrived at Havre early this morning, and contemplated leaving town, directly, for Paris; but, at your suggestion, after communicating with him—as we did an hour ago—we have prevailed upon him to tarry here, a day or two, since we find that you enjoined it upon P—— to detain him here (should he first make his appearance in this place), until we should hear from you.

"Have you seen him, since his return? Shall we adopt any further steps in the premises? Or, will you write us—at once—how we may otherwise serve you? Your reply will be promptly attended to. Faithfully yours,

"S & W."

This document was marked "post haste," and the notary smiled, again and again, as he hurriedly disposed of the letter, and darted out of his office. In half an hour he sat in a vehicle drawn by two slashing roadsters, and was *en route* for Havre! He saw, at once, the necessity of his immediate appearance, in person, at Havre; and he lost no time in making his way there.

Elmir Fonblanc, after sundry mishaps and delays, had found a vessel bound to France, in which he gladly embarked; and, as had been stated by the spies of Martini, he reached Havre finally in safety—but so worn out with sickness, wounds, and hardships, that a very material change was evident in his personal appearance. However, his health was good. Though he had really grown a good deal older since he left home, and though his skin was deeply embrowned by the exposure to which he had been subjected, he nevertheless was a manly and stout looking fellow—as courageous and as energetic as ever. A few weeks of the comfort and leisure would recuperate his system entirely; and he longed to see madame and Flora, and tell over the story of his experience and his troubles.

The parties he met at Havre, however, had been advised of the *probable* course the young man would pursue, on arriving there, and his plans were all forestalled by the cunning and manœuvering of Martini—who knew the consequence of meeting Elmir, on his return, before he should have had an opportunity to communicate with Madame Denoir—and who hoped and believed that he should be able to induce the boy to forego a visit to the ladies. The notary felt sure that the consummation of his designs upon Elmir's property, as well as upon madame's fate, was only a question of time; and he determined to make the most of any delay that he could occasion towards a meeting between Elmir and his female friends.

On reaching Havre, therefore, and learning where the young man was temporarily lodged, he repaired thither instantly, and Fonblanc was rejoiced to meet him—for the boy did not yet know the intrigue and heartlessness of this villain, who had been the prime cause, thus far, of all his troubles and embarrassments! Of this good feeling—which Martini did not, of course, lose sight of, in their interview—the rascally notary determined to avail himself, to its full extent.

"I am glad to see you, monsieur," said Elmir, earnestly, as he took the hand of the notary, "and I trust you are very well."

"Yes, Elmir, yes," said Martini.

"And may I ask how does madame, and the young lady—Ma'amoiselle Flora?"

"Of the latter I can say nothing. Have you forgotten that I informed you that she had retired to a convent, when we last met?"

"You spoke of that, I know; but only as a rumor, if I remember."

"It is true, Elmir."

"And Madame Denoir—"

"Is still ill. That is, I should say, quite sick, and I fear that she will scarcely recover!"

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Elmir, astounded. "Then I will fly to Paris—"

"She is not in Paris, Elmir."

"No! Whither has *she* gone?"

"It is not generally known; and such are her pecuniary embarrassments, that it would not be safe that it should be known, Elmir," continued the lying knave, determined to put the youth entirely out of the way of learning anything, if possible, of either madame, or Flora; for he had gone too far with the boy, now, to retract or retreat; his only salvation was to go *forward*, in his deceit, and keep Elmir from the chance of making any discoveries!

But, notwithstanding his deep cunning and well planned scheme, Elmir Fonblanc—though he entertained not the remotest suspicion of Martini's sincerity—had firmly made up his mind to pay his respects to Madame Denoir; and, since he now learned of her precarious position, he was strengthened in his resolve.

He ascertained, on Martini's authority, that madame had been declining for more than a year; that she was deeply in debt, and found herself compelled to quit Paris; that Flora had become a nun; that no one but the notary was cognizant of their abiding place; and lastly, that madame was so ill that her physicians had of late positively insisted that no person whatever should be permitted to see or converse with her!

All this sad intelligence was most unwelcome to Elmir—who had calculated so long and so largely upon the happy greeting which was in store for him, whence once more he should have the opportunity to grasp the hands of those he loved.

But he had come to see his friends—purposely; and, in spite of the advice and objections of the notary, he informed him that he should endeavor to see *madame*, at least! He had been absent a good while—she might die, ere he should again return to the vicinity—and he would go to Paris, and try to find her; although monsieur, very much to his surprise and chagrin, absolutely refused to favor him with her address!

"I shall find her, monsieur," said Elmir, at last, in a good-humored tone, "and I will urge my friendship as an apology for intruding upon her. I shall tell her, too, how earnest *you* have been, in her behalf; and I know that she should not be worried and importuned, in her severe illness. Nevertheless, she had been so kind to me, in times past, that I feel it a duty to wait upon her, and show her that I have not forgotten her. I shall therefore proceed immediately to Paris, and look her up."

This was a very encouraging decision for Martini, the notary. His all was now at stake! What could be done? The boy must *not* meet madame, under present circumstances! Five minutes in her presence, would undo the notary, for life! But he had evidently determined upon his course, and if not thwarted, absolutely and unconditionally—Martini was irrevocably ruined! What was to be done, then?

Martini had not prepared himself for this precise contingency. He came to Havre in haste, and matured his plans for his visits, as he dashed along at a courier's pace. He did not suppose that the boy had got to be unmanageable, and he was now at a standstill! He could interpose his *authority*, for the time being, and, as his legal guardian (a fact which Elmir had yet to learn, by the way), put a stop to his movements—for the boy had not yet attained his majority, quite—but, unluckily, the documents to prove this agency were in Paris!

Or, he might arrest him on the spot. But for what? It mattered nothing to Martini, so that he contrived to keep him yet a little while, he thought, away from Madame Denoir and Flora Delmont. He turned this plan hastily over in his mind, and then concluded suddenly to adopt new tactics.

"When do you propose to leave?" asked monsieur, finally, seeing the youth resolved.

"At once, monsieur; by the diligence, this very evening."

"I am sorry, then, I cannot go with you. You will not find madame, however—I am sure."

"I can try, monsieur."

"So be it then, adieu!" said Martini. And the former friends separated—Elmir to prepare to depart for Paris, and the notary to try one more scheme for the furtherance of his nefarious and wicked design.

Evening came; Elmir had booked himself for the first conveyance to Paris, and the vehicle was now at the door of his lodgings, awaiting his appearance. As his luggage was brought, and he emerged from the house, a strange person stood on the walk, near the door of the diligence. He was a disagreeable looking man, a cripple, and his voice was peculiarly sharp and grating to the ear. His eyes were concealed by large green goggles, and a broad-brimmed hat fell back over a profusion of long matted hair. He hobbled up, on his crutch, as Elmir appeared, and squeaked out:

"Monsieur! Are you not called Fonblanc?"

"My name is Elmir Fonblanc," said the youth, turning round.

"So I thought. I have business with you, monsieur—if you will," continued the other.

"I am just leaving for Paris," responded Elmir, rather annoyed at this meeting with the cripple.

"So I was informed, monsieur. I have hurried down to see you, and it is unfortunate. *Must* you leave by this conveyance?"

"Yes—yes."

"Go, then—I will not detain you," said the cripple. "I had some business of consequence to communicate with you about—but, *n'importe*, under the circumstances—you must go."

"What is it?" querried Elmir, not a little curious, both at the matter suggested and the manner of the forbidding looking messenger. "What is it?"

"I have no time, now, *ma foi!* You are about to enter the diligence, monsieur!"

"But I *can* postpone—that is—"

"Well, monsieur; in one word," whispered the cripple, mysteriously, "do you know Ma'amoiselle Flora Delmont?"

"—eh!" exclaimed Elmir, startled at the mention of that name, so dear to him; "hush, monsieur!"

"It is of *her* that I would speak to you," continued the cripple; "but not *here*, monsieur."

"No—no!"

"Will you join me?"

"And defer my departure till morning—yes," said Elmir, at once. And ordering his luggage back, the diligence started on his way directly, without him.

"This way," said the cripple, a moment afterwards. And turning the corner the stranger hobbled along, with Elmir close behind him. They turned and wandered on, and at last halted before an insignificant house in *la Rue de la Platte, No.* 54.

To the door the cripple applied a key. Upon the panel, Elmir read the words "Lemoine, Attorney." Pointing within, the stranger said:

"This is my office. Will you enter?" a request to which our hero quickly assented—and the door closed behind them.

MARTINI ONCE MORE DECEIVES FONBLANC.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CONFERENCE BETWEEN ELMIR AND THE CRIPPLE.

As soon as they were seated in the little apartment which we must remember as the room in which Madame Denoir had once conferred with the same queer individual who now entertained Elmir Fonblanc, the eccentric cripple immediately undertook to explain himself.

"You may think it singular," squeaked Lemoine, "that I should have presumed to allude to or meddle, perhaps, in an affair which so intimately concerns only yourself, Monsieur Fonblanc. But we gentlemen of the green bag sometimes come into possession of the secrets of others, by means of our business transactions with third parties, and we thus make ourselves acquainted occasionally with details of interest to persons we might not otherwise ever think about. Your case is like this, and our present interview follows upon circumstances which have transpired in the course of my experience, similar to those to which I have now alluded. You tell me you are acquainted with Ma'amoiselle Flora?"

"I have met her, monsieur."

"Your pardon, then. Have you any fancy for her?"

"That is a queer question!" said Elmir, slowly.

"I know it is! Many queerer things than the asking of, or the answering that question may occur to you in life, monsieur."

"Very likely," said Elmir, "but do you not expect, before you get your reply, that you must first tell me why, or by what authority—you thus query me?"

"No, monsieur. Professionally I put the interrogation, if you please. Will that do?"

"No—no."

"You must be candid, monsieur Fonblanc, or all that I know and purposed to communicate to you must be withheld. I therefore assume, to gratify you, that you do entertain a passion for the lady in question."

"Very well, monsieur. Grant it What follows?"

"Good, good—young man. She is rich, you know."

"So I have heard."

"She is called the heiress of Toulon, deservedly. I know, monsieur, that she has in her own right a very large property."

"And what of that?"

"Nothing, monsieur, if you do not value such a matter; but, under ordinary circumstances, such a consideration is by no means an indifferent affair to most people situated as I find you are in relation to ma'amoiselle."

"Proceed, monsieur. Upon my word you are getting interesting in your account."

"I should think so, Monsieur Fonblanc. She is young, and beautiful, and good, and rich—*rich*, monsieur."

"So you have said."

"And you may wed her."

"Me! Come, monsieur, this is all very fine talk. You say I may have this paragon of beauty and goodness. What right have you to dispose of her, thus, I pray?"

"I say you may wed her—if you will."

"Indeed! Are there no conditions?"

"Oh yes, monsieur."

"So I thought. What are they?"

"Very simple, as you shall see. Now, what do you say to sharing with the party who shall cause her to marry you, one-half of your fortune?"

"This is modest, to be sure."

"You comprehend me, of course?"

"Oh yes; you want half of the lady's estate."

"No, I don't. So you perceive that you are by far too sharp, and you do not understand me at all."

"What then, monsieur?"

"Listen, and I will explain," said the attorney, righting himself in his low chair. And then, as if a thought had just struck him, he added:

"But first tell me if you agree to the proposal I just now mentioned, namely; will you make over by bond to the person who shall bring about your union with the lady in question one-half your fortune?"

"My fortune?"

"Your own estate."

"Yes, monsieur—the whole of it, for that matter! *Parbleu!* I have not a louis d'or in the world! Ha, ha!"

"That is neither here or there. Will you sign a bond to this effect?" said the attorney; and he quickly scrawled a document as follows, which he handed to Elmir to peruse:

"I, Elmir Fonblanc, of Paris, Department of the Seine, &c., &c., in consideration of the love I bear to—— ——, and for other good and valuable considerations, which I do hereby acknowledge, &c., &c., do, by these presents, give, grant, bargain, assign, and forever transfer to the said—— —— all and singular, my right, title and interest of whatsoever name or nature, which I now possess, or which by right belongs to, or which may hereafter accrue to me, by virtue of any deed, will, conveyance, or instrument whatever, now existing, in this, my native land—to his use and behoof, and the use and behoof of his heirs, assigns, or administrators, &c., &c., from this time forth, &c., &c.

"Will you," repeated the attorney, "sign such a document as that?"

Elmir looked at this paper, and, much to the evident surprise of the attorney, he said:

"No, monsieur, *I will not!*" and, as he pronounced these words in a firm tone, a pallor crossed his features, as if he had received a death stroke!

"What is the matter, Elmir—Fonblanc—monsieur, I should have said?" stammered the attorney, not a little alarmed at the young man's appearance.

"Nothing, nothing. Go on, a thought only, the room is warm," continued Elmir, growing still paler as he spoke; "some water, monsieur. Open the door—quick," and, reeling from his chair, the poor sailor fell heavily to the floor, upon his face.

All this had not been counted upon by the eccentric attorney, and he sprang forward instantly to his relief.

In his fall his head was bruised, and the blood flowed freely from his mouth. The attorney quickly obtained some water, dashed it into his face, bathed his temples, chafed his wrists, but all to no purpose. He could not restore him. The boy sank to the floor, the blood ceased to flow, and no sign of pulsation was apparent. What was to be done? Here was a dilemma! Was he *dead!* He was—at least in Lemoine's opinion; and he was there alone with him!

Again he essayed to resuscitate him; but all his efforts were unavailing. What had caused this mysterious accident! How could he explain it? He would be discovered there, with him, and he would be arrested as his murderer!

"Elmir—Fonblanc! *Elmir!*" he shrieked, in his fear and agony—but no answer came. "*Mon Dieu!*" he cried, "what shall I do with the body?" Then turning to his desk, he unlocked it quickly, drew forth a small traveling case, and taking therefrom a lancet, he applied the blade to the sufferer's arm.

Almost immediately the youth began to revive; and, a moment afterwards, the cripple raised him up, and placed him in his chair again.

In the midst of this exciting scene, the attorney's hat had fallen off, and he had removed his goggle from his eyes, unwittingly, in his terror. When Elmir opened his eyes, he found the *hitherto* cripple, who had supported himself with a crutch, and who had been bent almost to the earth with his apparent decrepitude, standing firmly up, before him, straight as an arrow—while the perspiration rolled down his cheeks, and his every nerve seemed distended to its utmost compass!

"My God!" exclaimed Elmir, "Lemoine—*Martini!* Who are you?"

It was too late to retreat, too late to assume his disguise, too late to carry the deceit farther. Such was the fact. *Martini stood before him!*

"I—I—no! What did you say!" yelled the knave, now tightening his grasp upon the still bleeding arm of the boy, and fairly caught in the very midst of his foul game—"Elmir!"

"What does this mean, monsieur? Why am I thus treated? Who are you—what are your designs—speak!" and as Elmir repeated these words, a new strength seemed suddenly to be given him; and rising, he clenched the monster stoutly by the throat.

"Tell me—if you can," continued the sailor, "why it is that you have thus assailed me? Why do I find you here? How, and for what accursed purpose have you thus detained, and tempted, and abused me? Speak out, I say!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENGINES OF WAR.

There seems to be no end to the costly contest which has been waging for some years past, between the European nations, on the attacking and the defensive power of ships of war, a rivalry between guns and armor-plates. Engineers and naval constructors do not appear disposed to give up the contest. Their fertile brains are teeming with new schemes—more especially on the part of the makers of great guns, who manifest an increased confidence that they can more than keep pace with any increase in the thickness of armor-plates. Russia has established a naval arsenal at Nicolaieff, near the mouth of one of the rivers flowing into the Black Sea, where iron-clads of the largest dimensions can be constructed; and she has also provided herself with a factory in which great guns and ponderous armor-plates can be fabricated. Indeed, we owe to Russia (for good or for bad) the incentive to the planning of the eighty-one-ton gun. The Peter the Great (an appropriate name for the Czar's mightiest ship) has been planned to carry twenty-inch armor, at a time when a shot from our thirty-five ton guns could only penetrate a fourteen-inch plate. What was to be done? Woolwich was consulted, and replied that a gun of something like eighty tons weight would be required to carry a shot which would penetrate twenty inches of armor. There was no existing furnace that would heat, no existing steam-hammers that would forge the masses of iron necessary for such a mighty gun. New furnaces and new hammers were thereupon set up at a cost which we are afraid to mention; the guns are being made, and perchance—who knows?—may one day try their strength against the iron sides of Peter the Great. Russia has already a vessel carrying guns exceeding our Devastation and Thunderer guns—namely, the Admiral Popoff, the strange circular ship, with six keels, eighteen-inch armor, and two guns of forty-two tons each. Sir W. G. Armstrong is trying his skill on a seventeen-inch gun that will carry a two-thousand-pound shot. Mr. Fraser, at Woolwich, has broached the idea of a one-hundred and sixty-ton gun, to carry a shot of two thousand two hundred and forty pounds, with such velocity as to smash in the side of an ordinary iron clad even at a mile distant; while Sir Joseph Whitworth, using an hexagonal bore of compressed steel, and a flat-headed elongated shot, entertains a firm belief that a gun on his construction, far less weighty than eighty-one tons, would vanquish an armor-plate even twenty-four inches in thickness. M. Krupp, the famous gun-manufacturer of Essen, has actually commenced making a monster of one hundred and sixty tons—an "infant" double the size of those of the newly launched iron-clad Inflexible. It is well, however, to add, that no ship large enough to accommodate this piece of colossal ordnance has been as yet designed.—[Chambers Journal.

RINKS AND SPELLING-BEES.—The spelling-bee mania has spread over all England, and attacked London with especial virulence. It is related that a young, handsome and healthy-looking country young lady, delighted with London, informed a listless, lisping young man of fashion recently that she really doated on the rink—another London rage—and thought the spelling-bee capital fun.

"Weally, weally," he responded, elevating his eyebrows. Then, after a moments's consideration, he added. "Both vewy dangerous things, you know; oh, vewy."

"Dangerous! Oh, I don't mind a fall in the rink, or a laugh at my bad spelling."

"Ah, yas, yas; I thay this to a country young lady, becauthe, you thee, it is a country danger.

"Indeed, how is that?"

"Yas, yas, country, because the wink and the—er—the pelling-bee are only exemplifications of the—er—foot and mouth ditheathe."

He who shirks the idea ends by becoming incapable of forming conceptions.

THE OLD THIRTEEN.

The curtain rises on a hundred years—
A page-ful of the olden time appears.
Let the historic muse her aid supply,
To note and name each form that passes by.
Here come the old original thirteen!—
Sir Walter raises in the Virgin Queen;
Catholic Mary follows her, whose hand
Smote on soft Ontario's lake from ether strand;
Then Georgia, with the sisters Carolina,—
One the palmetto wears, and one the pine;
Next, she who ascertained the rights of men,
Not by the sword, but by the word of Penn:
The friendly language hers, of "thee" and "thou:"
Then, ah—whose mother was a thrifty vrouw,—
Mother, herself, of princely children now;
And sitting at her feet the sea-nymph twain,—
Two small links in the Atlantic chain.
They, through those long, dark Winters, drear and dire,
Watched with our Fabius round the bivouac fire;
Comes the free mountain maid, in white and green;
One guards the Charter Oak with lofty mien;
And lo! in the plain beauty of co she wore,
The pilgrim mother from the Bay State shore;
And last, not least, is Little Rhody seen,
With face turned heavenward, steadfast and serene,—
She on her anchor, Hope, leans, and will ever lean.

(*Portland Transcript*)

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 58. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED.)

Yes, there was Joshua confronting them in the twilight, with a curious look on his dark face, a kind of shy triumph, as of one half ashamed of a great happiness. He drew Naomi to him, and kissed her with more warmth of feeling than he had ever shown after so short a severance.

"How is my dear daughter?" he asked gently.

"Very well, father, and very glad to have you back again."

"We're all but out of Irish butter," said Judith, accusingly, from the obscurity of the passage.

"Ah, Judith, is that you? Never mind the butter. We'll soon set things right," replied the minister going back to the chaise.

"You won't get another cask till the end of next week, with all your cleverness. I thought you'd broken a leg at the least, or you'd never come home in a shay," added Judith.

"I came in a chaise because I had some one to bring with me, my dear," replied Joshua calmly.

He handed out a girl—a slim girlish figure, a lily face under a gipsy bonnet tied with a broad white ribbon. Naomi saw tender blue eyes looking up at her beseechingly in the twilight, and rose-bud lips that were faintly tremulous. She had never before beheld such flower-like beauty, loveliness so delicate in form or coloring.

Joshua put the stranger's hand under his arm and led her into the house, and into the firelit parlor; Judith falling back against the passage wall as they went by, as if she had made way for a spectre; Naomi following her father full of wonder.

"I have brought you a companion and friend, Naomi," said Joshua, when they were all in the parlor, Aunt Judith having followed automatically like Hamlet after the ghost. "I have brought you some one whom you must love and cherish for my sake."

"If you've brought this young woman to help in the business, you may give her the drapery department altogether. I wash my hands of it from this moment!" exclaimed Judith, awful in her indignation.

"I have brought her to occupy the first place in my household, as she holds the first place in my heart," answered Joshua. "This is Cynthia Haggard, my wife."

Sister and daughter stared at the minister with wonder-stricken countenances, pallid with horror. This calm announcement of his went so far beyond their ideas of the possible—this fact of a second marriage was an event so wide of their wildest dreams—that both Aunt and niece were dumb. To both it seemed that Joshua must have gone out of his mind; that he must be talking distractedly under the spell of demoniac possession, rather than that this thing could be true—this slender flower-like girl the grave preacher's second wife.

Joshua Haggard looked at the two women, surprised at the consternation his words had caused. Having once made up his own mind that Cynthia was his fittest helpmate, created for him by his God, as Eve for Adam, it had not occurred to him that other people could have any occasion to wonder at his choice. Her youth, her beauty, were blessings which heaven had bestowed upon him with the free gift of her love. She loved him, she had chosen him; gladly, willingly she had nestled in his arms, and yielded him a love which was almost worship. She had spanned the gulf of years that yawned between them; she had flown to him as a bird to its nest. By her free choice she had justified his boldness in loving her. Had any one else the right to count his years, or see unfitness in this union of youth and maturity, if she had not done so?

He was angry at his daughter's blank look of surprise. From Judith he had expected rebellion, and he took no heed of her mute horror.

"You do not give my wife a very warm welcome, Naomi," he said, with suppressed indignation. "I had expected more from your sense of duty, if not from your affection."

"Forgive me, father," said Naomi, with a look of unspeakable pain. Those deliberate words of Joshua's had shown her that this thing was very real. "I was so surprised, I could not speak." And then, going up to Cynthia, she put out her hand and said gently, "I am very glad to see you."

Cynthia took the proffered hand, which was cold as ice, bent her graceful head, and kissed the cold fingers tearfully.

"I am sorry that you should have been so surprised," she said. "I asked Mr. Haggard to tell you before we were married, but he thought it was better not."

"I fancied my marriage would have been a pleasant surprise for my daughter. I thought she might be glad to know that when she leaves me I shall still have some one to care for me—"

Aunt Judith's overcharged breast relieved itself by a groan.

"Some one young and bright and pleasant for my companion."

Judith groaned rather louder than before.

"For the rest, I had no one's leave or license to ask for my marriage. And now, Judith, perhaps you'll be good enough to get us some tea, while I go out and settle with the postboy. We've had a long drive from Barnstaple. Naomi, you can show Cynthia the way up-stairs, and help her to take off her cloak and bonnet. My room is ready, I suppose?"

"It's ready for *you*," replied Judith; I don't know whether it's good enough for Mrs. Haggard—" throwing a spiteful intensity into the mere utterance of the name which showed great power of expression. "She may be used to something better; though I might have known what was going to happen when you ordered new chintz for the bedstead and windows."

"What is good enough for me will be good enough for my wife," said Joshua, looking fondly after his bride as she left the room with Naomi. "And now bestir yourself, Judith, like a kind soul, and give us a comfortable tea—a dish of ham and eggs, or something substantial. Cynthia ate hardly any dinner."

"Cynthia!" ejaculated Judith, as if suddenly awakened from a state of semi-consciousness; "why that's the name of the young woman you found on the common."

"It is."

"And you've married that young woman—a tramp, a servant-girl!"

"I have married a lovely and innocent girl, whom Providence designed to be the blessing of my later years," replied Joshua. "God gave her to me for my own that day on the common. She has loved me from that day, and I am not sure that my love for her was not born in me then. My thoughts have followed her and cared for her all the time, though I only knew last midsummer how dear she had become to me. You look at me as if I was talking a strange tongue, Judith."

"It might as well be Hebrew for my understanding of it," answered Judith. "However, you've made your bed and you can lie upon it. You don't want my leave or license, as you say; no man wants leave or license to play the fool. That's an act of free will with most folks."

"Come, Judith," cried the minister sternly, "if you think that I am going to submit to insolence or insult in a matter that touches me so nearly as this you are mistaken. A man's worst foes are those of his own household. I will have no enemy to share my daily bread and my daily prayer. If you and I are to live together, you must love my wife as you love me. She is a part of me—the brighter, better part. An insult to her is twice an insult to me, and I shall resent it twice as keenly. And now, Judith, shake hands upon this, and take it into your heart; or else find some other shelter than this roof before you lie down to-night. No one shall live in my house that is an enemy to my wife."

"That's short notice," said Judith, grimly. "Well, there's my hand. You've been a good brother to me, and I've not been a bad sister to you. We won't quarrel about a—pretty face. May you be happy!"

They shook hands—heartily upon Joshua's side, with a shade of reservation on Judith's. The minister felt that he had conquered; but these household victories sometimes leave behind them the seed of future warfare.

Judith bustled out to prepare a meal for the travelers; and soon there was a cheerful hissing sound—an odor of fried ham from the kitchen, where Judith stood over the frying-pan with a moody brow, while Sally obeyed her orders in fear and wonder.

"Get out the best tea-things and the plated candlesticks, and get a pair of wax-candles from the shop," said Judith; at which command Sally stood open-mouthed and speechless. There had been no such preparations since the last tea-party.

"Your master has got married, Sally. We must show him how pleased we are."

"Married!" cried Sally. "Is it Mrs. Trimly?"

Mrs. Trimly was a corpulent widow, with a very respectable fortune that had been made in a tan-pit. She occupied a large red-brick house—her own—at the upper end of Penmoyle; she wore silk gowns every afternoon, gold spectacles, and the smartest caps in the town, and was a devoted disciple of Joshua's, wheezing through the service every Sunday morning, and sometimes guilty of nasal breathings of an unmistakable character on a Sunday afternoon.

"No," said Judith; "it isn't Mrs. Trimly. That would have been a sensible marriage, if you like. But when men of my brother's age marry they don't think of pleasing sensible people. They marry to please the eye, Sally. Your new mistress has got flaxen hair and blue eyes, Sally. That's enough for my brother. I hope you'll like her, and that you'll take the same pains with polishing the furniture that you have taken in my time."

"You are not going away, are you, mum?" gasped Sally, with a paradisical life opening before her almost too dazzling for the mental eye.

"No, Sally, I am not going away; but I'm going to be a cipher," replied Judith severely.

Sarah's spirits sank. She did not know the meaning of that substantiative cipher, though she had a distant acquaintance with the same word as a verb. But she felt that to long as Miss Judith remained upon the scene her toil would know no relaxation.

Meanwhile the two girls—wife and daughter—were upstairs in Joshua's bedroom, stealing shy glances at each other by the dim light of a candle which Naomi held while Cynthia stood before the dressing-table taking off her bonnet.

There was tears in the young wife's eyes, and a sad look about the sweet rosy mouth, as she smoothed her bright hair with Joshua's hard black brush, looking in the glass at a misty reflection of that half-sorrowful, half-frightened face. Inexperienced as she was in the varieties of humanity, instinct was keen enough to teach her that her husband's marriage was distasteful to his kindred, that there was no loving welcome for her in this strange home.

She looked at Naomi with unspeakable awe. Was this the affectionate daughter, the tender companion and friend Joshua had promised her? That tall erect figure, that nobly-chiselled face, with its crown of raven hair bound in a thick coil round a high comb on the summit of the head, inspired admiration, but held love at a distance. Cynthia felt that she could never be familiar with this handsome stepdaughter; and yet the face was like Joshua's, and for that reason must needs seem dear to her.

"I am so sorry your father did not tell you sooner," she began falteringly. "I'm afraid his marrying me has made you unhappy.—"

"It has surprised me very much." Naomi answered gravely. "I have never thought of my father marrying—the idea never came into my head. If any one had suggested it, I should have been angry. And you are so young—as much fitter to be his daughter than his wife."

"No wife could love and honor him more than I do," said Cynthia, the tears streaming down her cheeks

"No one could know him and not honor him," replied the daughter proudly. "Don't cry; I am not blaming you. I have no right to blame him. I don't want to speak unkindly to you, still less to speak undutifully of my father; but his marriage is a great surprise."

Here Naomi broke down, and the two young women performed a sobbing duet. Naomi was the first to recover.

"I am very wicked," she said remorsefully. "As if my dear father had not the right to be happy in his own way. I am jealous, unreasonable, abominable. Poor little thing"—drawing Cynthia to her with protecting tenderness—"don't cry. I am not so cruel or so ungrateful as I must have seemed just now. But I love my father so dearly, and I thought I should have him always all my own; and the idea that he could love any one else more than me was too bitter, just at first. I was selfish, cruel, undutiful. Dry your tears, dear; we must be fond of each other for my father's sake."

Cynthia's sobs ceased. She clung lovingly to the tall figure, hanging on it like ivy on an oak.

"O, if you will love me a little I shall be so happy," said the girl-wife. "He ought to have told you. I know I must seem an intruder. But if you could know how I love him; how from the first—when he took me under his care, a poor runaway creature, without a friend, used to hard usage and hard words—from the first I worshipped him! He was so true, so strong, a rock of defence. I feared no one when he had taken me under his care."

"Yes, he told me how he found you," said Naomi thoughtfully. "Poor child!"

This was the waif of whom her father had spoken—the girl in whose story she had felt a tender pitying interest, never dreaming that this nameless wanderer was to rob her of her father's heart.

"And you will try to love me a little?" said Cynthia pleading.

"I shall love you very much, for my father's sake, if you make his life happy."

"I shall honor and obey him, and wait upon him like his servant if he will let me," answered Cynthia. "And may I call you Naomi?"

"Yes, Cynthia."

And from that moment they spoke to each other as Cynthia and Naomi. There was no question of the word mother; but in Naomi's manner to her stepmother there was from the first a touch of motherliness, a protecting kindness, which was in a manner the reversal of their positions.

The wife's weaker nature, clinging, dependent, childlike in its exquisite womanliness, leaned on the firmer and and more masculine character of the daughter.

* * * * * * *

"I thought you were never coming," said Joshua, when they went down to the parlor, where the tea-table had assumed a positively splendid appearance, lighted by wax candles, such as were supplied at three-and-sixpence a pound to Mr. Haggard's most aristocratic customers.

Judith sat bolt upright, with her hands folded, watching the candles burning, as a larger might have watched the blazing pyre which consumed the fortunes of an imperial house. There was a depth of desolation in this sacrifice of the wax candles, a bitter irony in the setting up of these waxen tapers to do honor to that wandering beggar-girl whom Joshua had chosen for his wife.

"What have you two girls been talking about all this time," said Joshua with an attempt at cheerfulness; "making friends, I hope?"

"Yes, father, Naomi answered, with a look full of duty and affection; "we have made friends. Cynthia and I are going to be sisters. It would sound foolish for me to call her mother, for she is two years younger than I am, and looks younger than she is."

"Very well, my dear. You shall be sisters, then. I care not what name you give the bond, so that you love each other. And now, Judith, the tea."

Miss Haggard had placed herself at a corner of the table remote from her accustomed seat in front of the tea-tray. There she sat, rigid impenetrable. She did not frown; no sour expression of visage betrayed her discontent. She looked what she had called herself in her late discourse with Sally—a cipher.

"O, dear no," she exclaimed; "I couldn't think of such a thing. I have done with the teapot. Mrs. Haggard will pour out the tea of course; it's her place."

"O, please don't make any difference on my account," cried Cynthia, with a timidly beseeching glance at that stony countenance. "I have never been accustomed to pour out the tea. I should feel quite awkward, unless Joshua wished it," with a little look at her husband, which plainly said, His lightest wish is my law.

"I desire nothing that can cause discomfort or ill-will in this household," answered Joshua. "All I wish is that we may live happily together, in perfect peace and union. Pour out the tea, Judith, and let there be no senseless fuss about trifles."

"I'm not one to make a fuss about nothing," replied Judith, with dignity. "But it's just as well to put things on a proper footing at once. It saves misunderstanding afterwards."

And with this protest she assumed her accustomed position which she never afterwards offered to resign.

Cynthia took the chair nearest her husband, nestling to his side, and looking up at him with bright glances of admiration and regard as he talked about home affairs with his daughter.

Jim came home by and by, full of importance, and was presented to his father's wife. The surprise was startling for him as well as for the rest, but he received the blow much more coolly than his aunt and sister. His brain sharpened by a course of wholesale and retail grocery, took in the material aspects of this change in his family circumstances, rather than that spiritual side of things which had troubled Naomi. He did not think regretfully of his father's second marriage as a foolish and undignified act in a grave career; but he began to wonder what effect this union might exercise upon his own prospects.

"As long as father gives me the business, I'm content," he told himself. "And my stepmother looks a pretty foolish thing, that wouldn't be likely to make one's life unpleasant. I hope she'll take the reins out of aunt Judith's hands, and let us have puddens every day.

It was not till after prayers that Naomi left off expecting Oswald, who rarely let an evening pass without coming, were it but for half an hour. But on this particular evening the Squire had taken it into his head to be prosy, and kept his son at home, talking politics by the wood fire in the dining-room, while the autumn wind sighed and moaned in the wide old chimney.

"I wonder what Oswald will think of father's marriage?" was Naomi's chief thought that evening.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REVIEWER'S NOTES.

From J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Benjamin Franklin. A picture of the struggles of our infant nation one hundred years ago. By John S. C. Abbott. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

This is the twelfth of the series of "Pioneers and Patriots of America," and completes the series, presenting as it does a graphic history of our country from its discovery. A theme more full of instruction and interest than the biography of Franklin could not well be chosen, and in a preface Mr. Abbott states that it will probably be the last book that he will ever write. Commencing at the age of twenty-four, he has up to the present time, when he has attained the age of three score years and ten, written fifty-four volumes of history and biography, closing the long series with the present volume.

Lippincott's Magazine for June 1876.

The present number contains the sixth instalment of an interesting account of the Exhibition entitled "The Century—Its Fruits and its Festivals," profusely illustrated, which will be a valuable record for future reference. In addition to this there are other articles by well-known writers.

From Smith, English & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia.

The Life Letters and Table Talk of B. R. Haydon. Edited by Richard H. Stoddard. Published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York.

This is the initial volume of a new series, entitled the Gaos-Soul series, which is based on the same general idea that won for Mr. Stoddard a Brie A Brac fame such sudden and well-deserved popularity. It will consist of personal reminiscences of famous poets, novelists, wits and humorists, artists, actors and the like. This is an exceedingly interesting volume, giving the substance of Haydon's life in its ups and downs, glory and destruction—sixty years of warfare and suffering. The work is printed neatly with very attractive binding and sold for $1 50.

From Henry T. Williams, publisher, New York.

The Pacific Tourist. Illustrated Trans-Continental Guide of Travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. By Henry T. Williams, editor and publisher.

This is one of the handsomest guide books we have ever seen, full of illustrations of Western scenery and travel, and at the same time giving the most complete and accurate information of the Union and Central Pacific Railroad, and the country through which it passes than any similar publication. It is not only invaluable and indispensable to every one who visits our Western country in pursuit of health, business or pleasure, but also to every lover of scenery.

The Mountains. A Collection of Poems. Published by Roberts' Bros., Boston, Mass.

A very choice selection of poems, culled from the most popular writers, both of our own and foreign countries, and just the book to while away an hour or two in the mountains this summer. To those who cannot enjoy this treat, it can be perused at home with almost as great pleasure.

Familiar Talks to Boys. By Rev. John Hall, D. D., of New York. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

As its name implies, this is a frank and familiar address made by one who thoroughly comprehends the needs of the young, and who also knows the mode of best reaching and touching the boyish heart. This little volume should be placed in the hands of every boy in the land.

From Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

The Prime Minister. By Anthony Trollope. A picture of English life of to-day, semi-political. This is well written volume of the "International series," which these enterprising publishers have commenced, and a very welcome one, and we cordially welcome it as promising light and healthfully stimulant literature in an attractive form.

To Buddlecombe and Back. By F. C. Bernard, author of "Happy Thought." Published by Roberts' Bros., Boston.

This is the life of a practical joker, told in Mr. Bernard's happy vein, full of wit and humor, and having one peculiarity, that in all his fun there is never any vulgarity.

The Vendetta and other poems. By Thos. Brown Peacock. Published by Kansas Printing House, Topeka.

NEW MUSIC.

From J. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland, Ohio.

"Sweet Spirit of song," song by J. H. Pixley; "Good Advice," quartette by J. H. Pixley; "Sweet Spirit of song," quartette by J. H. Pixley; "Murmuring Streamlet," melody for piano, by W. L. Blumenschein; "Village Fete," polonaise for piano, by W. L. Blumenschein; "Wayward Wind," polonaise for piano, by W. L. Blumenschein; "Under the Cliff," waltz for piano, by W. L. Blumenschien; "Summer Clouds," mazurka, by W. L. Blumenschien; "My Highland Home," song, music by Louisa Gray, words by J. W. Fraser; "Only Love can Tell," music by Berthold Tours, words by H. S. Montgomery; "My Little Sister," music by Louisa Gray, words by Miss J. Montgomery; "The Century Bird," song and chorus, music by J. M. Hubbard, words by W. H. Woodhams; "To-morrow," song for soprano, by U. C. Burnap; "Whispers From Home, mazurka, W. L. Blumenschien.

The Modern Method for the Reed Organ. By Carl Wern. Published by C. Brainards' Sons, Cleveland, Ohio.

This is a new and complete system for Reed Instruments, containing full fundamental instructions whereby one may easily learn to play upon the Reed Organ. There is in addition a large selection of organ pieces. Voluntaries, and music sacred as well as secular, classic and popular, principally from the works of the masters. This book will, we feel sure, prove an invaluable aid to make pleasant and to facilitate musical instruction.

From White, Smith & Co., Boston, Mass.

"Old Uncle Jasper," song by C. A. White; "Ivanhoe Commandery Grand March," by C. D. Blake; "The Days When We Were Young," written by Thomas Harper, arranged by John Braham; "Our Friends Gallop," by E. N. Catlin; "Red White and Blue," for mixed voices, by C. A. White, folio for June 1876.

JUST AFTER CHRISTMAS OF 1870, I was laid up with an obstinate Cough, together with spitting of Blood, accompanied with some fever from the joint effects of which I was greatly reduced. Following the best advice I could get, I tried various medicines, but none apparently done much good, leaving me low, fretted enough. I made up my mind at last to try Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, and procured some. I used it carefully as directed, and gradually got rid of my complaint.—*Wm. A. C. Pyle, Tamaron, Perry County, Wis.*

WASHINGTON'S DEATH.—There never was a more striking or spontaneous tribute paid to a man than here in Boston when the news first came of Washington's death in 1799. It was a little before noon; and I have often heard persons say that one could know how far the news had spread by the closing of the shops. Each man, when he heard that Washington was dead, shut his store as a matter of course, without consultation, and in two hours all business was stopped. My father came home, and could not speak, he was so overcome; my mother was alarmed to see him in such a state, until he recovered enough to tell her the sad news. For some time every body, even the children, wore crape on their arm; no boy could go in the street without it. I wore it, though only eight years old.—*Life of George Ticknor.*

SPEAKING of a reservoir, which recently broke, an exchange says: "Except for one weak spot, its strength was ample to meet all possible demands made upon it." So it is with man. The "one weak spot" makes life a failure. As the strength of a chain is only the strength of its weakest link, so the strength of a man's life is only that of the weakest spot in his character. Wise is he who seeks to know where is his weak spot, and wiser still is he who, knowing it, seeks diligently to fortify it. Look out for the "one weak spot!"

SPURGEON tells the following story: "A poor man, who had a large family, gave them a very comfortable support while he was in health. He broke his leg, and was laid up for some weeks. As he would be for some time destitute of the means of grace, it was proposed to hold a prayer-meeting at his house. The meeting was led by Deacon Brown. A loud knock at the door interrupted the service. A tall, lank, blue-frocked youngster stood at the door, with an ox goad in his hand, and asked to see Deacon Brown. 'Father could not attend this meeting,' he said, 'but he sent his prayers, and they are out in the cart.' They were brought in, in the shape of potatoes, beef, pork and corn. The meeting broke up without the benediction."

Keep the Liver Active.

The above is a sound health maxim. In order that the functions of digestion, evacuation and secretion shall be duly performed with that degree of regularity and vigor which is essential to the well being of both body and mind, the liver, upon whose activity they are dependent for their due performance, must be kept in good working order. Calomel and blue pills, besides being hurtful mineral drugs, only partially and temporarily restore disordered or sluggishness of the great biliary gland. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, on the contrary, accomplish thoroughly what the above medicines fail in doing and are beside as safe as well as potent remedy for disorders of the stomach, bowels and organs of urination, as well as an unequalled general invigorant. They are, moreover, a sterling antidote to malaria.

WITHOUT DELAY

Is the great secret of good health and longevity. We are all at times liable to become constipated, livers grow inactive and our blood sluggish. Allow these dangerous symptoms to continue unchecked and Bilious Fever will ensue, and either death or protracted illness will surely be the result. All this can be prevented by the timely use of Dr. SCHENK'S MANDRAKE PILLS.

For sale by all druggists.

POND'S EXTRACT

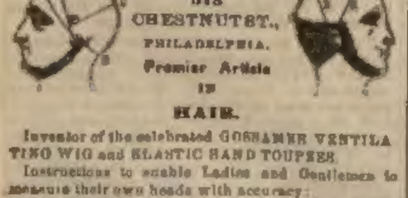
The People's Remedy.
The Universal Pain Extractor.
Note: Ask for Pond's Extract.
Take no other.
"Hear! for I will speak excellent things."

POND'S EXTRACT

The People's Remedy, for Internal and External Use

CURES
Piles—Blind or Bleeding. Inflamations and Ulcerations. Hemorrhage from any organ—Nose, Gums, Lungs, Bowels, Kidneys, Womb, &c. Congestions, Enlargements.
INVALUABLE FOR
Dysentery & Rheumatism. Inflamation of Eyes, & Eyelids. Inflamation of the Ovarics. Vaginal Leucorrhea. Varicose Veins. Sore Nipples.

POND'S EXTRACT is for sale by all First-class Druggists, and recommended by all Druggists, Physicians, and everybody who has ever used it.
PAMPHLET containing History and Uses mailed free on application, if not found at your druggists
POND'S EXTRACT CO., New York and London.



E. DOLLARD,
513 CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.
Premier Artiste
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC HAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

For Wigs. Inches	*Toupees and Scalps. Inches*
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Fronettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

Men are earning $40 to $120 week in selling

OUR COUNTRY
AND ITS RESOURCES.

Complete in one thrilling history of the first century of the great "Exhibition"—grand in description of our richly resources in agriculture, commerce, minerals, manufactures, natural wonders, curiosities, etc., all richly illustrated. A "Century" Map and "Bird's-Eye View" free. Sells marvellously fast. 1000 more agents wanted quickly for this and our standard "LIFE OF LIVINGSTONE." $5,000 already sold. Also new Bible. 2,000 illust. Has no equal. For extra terms write to
HUBBARD BROS., Publishers, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, O; Chicago, Ill.; Springfield, Mass.

WE CAN'T BE BEAT. 20 handsome Address Cards, no two alike, your name on them all for 10 cts. and stamp. A large spicy paper and list of all styles with order, or paper and samples for 3 cts.
G. B. ULLMAN, 12 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

$3000 CASH. HEALTHIEST PLACE IN the U. S. Very pretty farm of 22½ acres, well fruited. Good house, barn, outbuildings, horse, wagons, chickens, turkeys, ducks, &c. A beautiful stream runs through the grounds. Good private reasons given for selling. Apply to T. W., Box 277, Vineland, N. J.

PAINTING. HARD TIMES PLAN
Best and Cheapest paint in the world. RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES. "Ready Mixed." Full directions. Apply your self and save cost of application. Sample Cards free. O. W. ROSE, 5 Beekman St., N. Y. Box 3,740

NATATORIUM AND PHYSICAL INSTITUTE. Broad-street, below Walnut. SWIMMING SCHOOL AND GYMNASIUM. Open from 8 A. M. till 10 P. M. Temperature of water always the same summer heat. Ladies and Misses' Department under very competent and experienced lady teachers. Men and Boys' Department under polite instructors of 15 years' experience. The most timid persons taught to swim in from 5 to 10 lessons. Pupils received at all times. Strictly private lessons if desired. Call or address for circular. J. A. PAYNE.

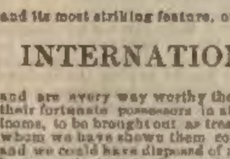
SHAKESPEARE'S COMPLETE WORKS
40 ILLUSTRATIONS.
20 Parts at 30c ea
AGENTS WANTED
FIRESIDE EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE.
The cheapest Book ever offered to the public. Large Type. Fine Illustrations and Paper.
SPECIMEN, with 2 Illustrations, by mail, for 10c.
BAKER, DAVIS & CO., Philadelphia.

PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT. "How well it thrives!" "Oh, how lovely!" "What are they worth?" Such are the exclamations of those who see the large, elegant new Chromos produced by the European and American Publishing Company. Every one will want them. It requires no talking to sell the pictures; they speak for themselves. Canvassers, agents, and ladies and gentlemen out of employment will find this the best opening ever offered to make money. For full particulars send stamp for confidential circular. Address F. GLEASON & CO., No. 738 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

A Gift Worthy a Rothschild
FOR
ONE CENT.

A copy of Brown's Illustrated Shakespearian Almanac, together with a copy of his illustrated paper, the GROWING WORLD, which is devoted to natural history, will be sent to any one free who will send us their address on a one cent postal card. Address DR. O. P. BROWN, 21 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J.

A FREE TRIP to the CENTENNIAL and return from any point in the Union. This comes within the grasp of every reader of this paper who possesses sufficient enterprise to spend a few hours in raising a small club of subscribers to THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. Send your address on postal card for circulars, terms, etc. Send 4 three cent Stamps if specimen copy of paper is desired. Address
CHAS. LUCAS & CO., 14 Warren St., New York.



USE the MODEL PRESS
and do all your own Printing. Price, $6 to $35.
BEST IN THE WORLD
For Business Men and Young Printers.
Thousands in use. Send two 3 cent stamps for a profusely Illustrated 60 page Catalogue and Price List, entitled, "How to Print." J. W. DONNEBAUR & Co., Mfrs. and Dealers in Type and Printing Material, 434 & 436 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

FREE.—FIVE VIEWS of the Centennial Buildings. Sent for 3c. stamp. M. NIKOLAS & CO., Phila.

25 FANCY CARDS, new styles, with name, 10c. postpaid. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, Rens. Co. N. Y.

$250 A MONTH.—Agents wanted everywhere. Business honorable and first class. Particulars sent free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED—AGENTS—For a magnificent work of high character. New, novel and attractive. It brings large returns at once. A. C. ROWE, Cleveland, Ohio.

FARM FOR SALE. 180 acres valuable Grass and Grain land. Good buildings, orchard, water, etc. Near village. R.R. depot and P. O. Terms easy. Address, H. SHERMAN, Millport, Chemung Co., N. Y.

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me.

YES YES WE WANT an agent in every town. Easy work at home. Write now and we will start you. $5 a day sure to all. SIMPSON & SMITH, 64 Cortlandt St., New York.

$77 A WEEK to Agents. Old and Young, Male and Female, in their locality. Terms and outfit free. Address, P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Me.

STILL AHEAD.—Your name neatly printed on 50 nice Bristol Cards for 15 cts.; 20 Gems, 25 cts.; 30 Acquaintance Cards, 15 cts.; elegant Card Cases, 10 and 15 cts. each. Standard Card Co., Brockton, Mass.

READERS Writing to advertisers who advertise in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST please say where you saw the advertisement.

DO YOU WANT MONEY Male or Female. Send your address and get something that will bring you in honorably over $150 a month sure. INVENTORS' UNION, No. 173 Greenwich Street, New York.

NO MONEY We will start you in a business you can make $20 a week, without capital; easy and respectable for either sex. AGENTS' SUPPLY Co., 251 Bowery, N. Y.

CHRONIC Diseases Cured. New paths marked out by that plainest of all books—"Plain Home Talk and Medical Common Sense"—nearly 1,000 pages, 250 illustrations, by DR. E. B. FOOTE, of 129 Lexington Ave., N. Y. Purchasers of this book are at liberty to consult the author in person or by mail, free. Price by mail, postage prepaid, $2.25. Contents tables free. Agents wanted. MURRAY HILL PUBLISHING CO. (JOHN P. JEWETT, Manager), 129 East 28th St., N. Y.

DYSPEPSIA. DYSPEPSIA.

Dyspepsia is the most perplexing of all human ailments. Its symptoms are almost infinite in their variety, and the forlorn and despondent victims of the disease often fancy themselves the prey, in turn of every known malady. This is due, in part, to the close sympathy which exists between the stomach and the brain, and in part also to the fact that any disturbance of the digestive function necessarily disorders the liver, the bowels and the nervous system, and effects, to some extent, the quality of the blood.

E. F. KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE OF IRON a sure cure. This is not a new preparation, to be tried and found wanting; it has been prescribed daily for many years in the practice of eminent physicians with unparalleled success; it is not expected or intended to cure all the diseases to which the human family is subject, but is warranted to cure Dyspepsia in its most obstinate form. KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE OF IRON never fails to cure. Symptoms of Dyspepsia are loss of appetite, wind and rising of the food, dryness of the mouth, heartburn, distension of the stomach and bowels, constipation, headache, dizziness, sleeplessness and low spirits. Try the great remedy and be convinced of its merits. Get the genuine. Take only KUNKEL'S, which is put only in $1 bottles. Depot 229 North Ninth St., Philadelphia. For sale by all druggists and dealers everywhere.

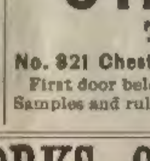
Tape Worm

Entirely removed with gamely vegetable medicine, passing from the system alive. No fee until the head passes. Come and refer to patients treated. DR. E. F. KUNKEL, No. 229 North Ninth street, Philadelphia. Advice free. Rent, Pin and Stomach Worms also removed. The medicine for removing all others but Tape Worm, can be had of your druggist, ask for KUNKEL'S WORM SYRUP. Price, $1. E. F. KUNKEL, Philadelphia, Pa.

SLATE MANTELS
ESTABLISHED 1852.
Of the latest and most beautiful designs, and all other Slate work on hand or made to order. Factory and Salesrooms, No. 1216 Ridge Avenue.
WILSON & MILLER, Philadelphia, Pa.

MIND READING, PSYCHOMANCY, FASCINATION, Soul Charming, Mesmerism, and Marriage Guide, showing how either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affection of any person they choose instantly. 600 pages. By mail 50c. HUNT & Co., 139 S. Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

Wanted Agents for the best selling prize package in the world. It contains 26 sheets Paper, 15 Envelopes, Golden Pen, Penholder, Pencil, Patent Yard measure, and a piece of Jewelry. Single packages with elegant prize postpaid for 25 cents. This package has been examined by the publishers of the SAT. EVE. POST, and found as represented, worth the money.
Circulars free.
BRIDE & CO., 709 Broadway, New York.



AGENTS WANTED.
Men or women, $34 a week. Proof furnished. Business pleasant and honorable, with no risk. A 16-page circular and valuable samples free. Do not delay, but write at once on postal card to
F. M. REED, 8th St., New York.

$100 INVESTED HAS PAID A PROFIT OF $1,700
during the past few months, under our improved system of operating in Stocks. Book containing full information sent on application.
TUMBRIDGE & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 2 WALL ST., NEW YORK

NEWSPAPERS
OF THE
UNITED STATES.

A complete list, numbering 5,121, with a Gazetteer correct to date, of all towns and cities in which Newspapers are published; historical and statistical sketches of the Great Newspaper Establishments; illustrated with numerous engravings of the principal newspaper buildings. Royal 8vo. 320 Pages, just issued. Mailed, post paid, to any address for $5. Apply (enclosing price) to SUPERINTENDENT OF THE NEWSPAPER PAVILION, Centennial Grounds, Philadelphia, or American News Company, N. Y. *Every advertiser needs it.*

WESTMINSTER HOTEL,
EUROPEAN PLAN,
Cor. 16th Street and Irving Place,
NEW YORK.

THE location of this house is one of the most central, yet quiet and retired, in the city. Only one block from Union Square, and in the immediate vicinity of all the principal places of amusement, Stewart's, Tiffany's, Arnold & Constable's, Lord & Taylor's, and other leading retail stores.
CHAS. H. FERRIN, Prop.

ESHLEMAN & CRAIG.
SHIRTS
TO ORDER.
No. 321 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
First door below Girard House.
Samples and rules for Self-measurement sent free.

THREE PREMIUMS,
Worth $30 in Gold each!
IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS
3 Grand Premium Gifts
Of the Finest and Largest Engravings ever offered, given to each and every Subscriber to this Paper. A grand opportunity. Read!

Arrangements have been made with the National Art Co., of Cincinnati, O., which secures to the patrons of this paper THREE of the choicest and largest PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS ever offered in this country. They consist of THREE of the large-t pure Steel Engravings ever produced, being companion pictures, and to the aggregate amount of 3648 inches, covering 15 square feet of surface. These magnificent works of art are entitled:

1. LOVE. Delineated in the form of a lovely maiden, pure and beautiful, with the warmest glow of the artist's ideal diffused in every feature. It is considered by connoisseurs to be equal to any piece of Engraving ever issued, and in beauty of design and delicacy of finish is unsurpassed.

2. TRUTH. A companion piece to "LOVE," and equal in every respect to it. Each is printed on the finest plate paper, made expressly for this Premium Edition. Also, an opportunity is again presented to obtain that splendid work of art, entitled,

THE THREE GRACES, which consists of one of the largest pure Engravings ever produced, being 30 inches high, and two feet two inches wide. It portrays three of the most grandly beautiful women, representing the Three Christian Graces—FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY. Each individual figure of all the above Engravings is more than life-size, and all are wonderfully beautiful. Their value may be determined by the fact that the small price of one dollar is required in Thirty Dollars in Gold each. And the National Art Co. hereby agrees to pay $5 for each and every one equal to their Premium Edition which can be sent them outside of their own issue.

Any one or all of these Grand Premium Gifts are given to each reader of this paper who sets out five or more of the Premium Certificates found below and sends it to the National Art Co., together with 25 cents for each premium selected, to pay cost of postage and mailing tube. They are sent BY MAIL, securely packed, and warranted to reach their destination uninjured.

☞ Cut out one or all of these Certificates, and send them to the National Art Co. They are worth $5 each.

Premium Certificate.
☞ The National Art Co. hereby agrees to redeem this Certificate by sending one copy of the Engraving, size 20x30 inches, entitled
THE THREE GRACES,
when 25 cents accompanies it to pay postage and mailing tube.
Good until August 1, 1876, after which 30 cents additional will be charged.
(Signed) NAT'L ART CO., 238 Walnut St., Cincinnati, O.
TRADE MARK.

Premium Certificate.
☞ The National Art Co. hereby agrees to redeem this Certificate by sending one copy of the Engraving, size 19x30 inches, entitled
LOVE!
when 25 cents accompanies it to pay postage and mailing tube.
Good until August 1, 1876, after which 30 cents additional will be charged.
(Signed) NAT'L ART CO., 238 Walnut St., Cincinnati, O.
TRADE MARK.

Premium Certificate.
☞ The National Art Co. hereby agrees to redeem this Certificate by sending one copy of the Engraving, size 19x30 inches, entitled
TRUTH!
when 25 cents accompanies it to pay postage and mailing tube.
Good until August 1, 1876, after which 30 cents additional will be charged.
(Signed) NAT'L ART CO., 238 Walnut St., Cincinnati, O.
TRADE MARK.

NOTE THESE INSTRUCTIONS. All Certificates should be sent in by August 1, 1876. All sent in thereafter require 10c. additional, as a new edition will then become necessary. A Certificate for each Engraving must in all cases be sent, otherwise persons who are not subscribers might keep the benefits intended solely for the patrons of this paper. It is not necessary to send out all the Certificates except all the Engravings are desired; but, if preferred, one Certificate can be forwarded, although it will be found very desirable to order the entire set at once. Each copy will be enclosed in a strong tube, and postage will be paid thereon out of the 25c. sent in. THE CERTIFICATES WILL NOT BE AGAIN PRINTED IN THIS PAPER. Issue the importance of sending them out at once, and sending them in for redemption. Address all Cer. tificates to the National Art Co., 238 Walnut St., Cincinnati, Ohio, and you will receive by return mail the largest and handsomest Premium Engravings you ever saw.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION.
Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, *Editor.*
Sole *authorized* medium for the publication of
His Sermons Each Week.
$3.20 per year. Postage prepaid. To Clergymen, $2.60. Cash premiums to Agents. Send for particulars.
HORATIO C. KING, *Publisher.*
27 Park Place, New York.

EXTRAORDINARY.
Before investing in anything whatever, lottery, stocks, lands, etc., etc., send for one of our circulars, which will give full information FREE. Address
TAYLOR & CO., BANKERS, 11 Wall st., N. Y.

WANAMAKER & BROWN
MEN & BOYS CASH. ONE PRICE. GUARANTEE. MONEY REFUNDED.
CLOTHING HALL
S. E. COR. 6th & MARKET STS. PHILADA.

$3.50 REVOLVER 7 Shot NICKEL. We send the Little Giant Revolver with box cartridges for $3.50. Send two 3c stamps for Illustrated Catalogue of Sporting Articles, Games, Novelties, Rare Books, &c. W. J. B. LDWIN & CO., 113 Nassau St., New York.

NB WAX FLOWER MATERIAL in every variety, at lowest prices. Just published, "Wax Flower Making without a Teacher," the only practical work on this subject, price post-paid, 50 cts; given free, with an order for $2.50 worth of material. Box of material and instructions for making several fine vines of Ivy Leaves, post-paid, 50 cts.
100 Decalcomanie pictures, 50 cts. 50 Gem Chromos, 50 cts. 50 Mounted pictures, 50 cts.; choice samples of either, 10 cts. 32 page catalogue sent free with every order. Agents wanted. J. L. PATTEN & CO., 102 William Street, New York.

AGENTS WANTED for the New Historical Work, OUR WESTERN BORDER.
A Complete and Graphic History of American Pioneer Life
100 YEARS AGO.
Its thrilling conflicts of Red and White foes. Exciting Adventures, Captivities, Forays, Scouts, Pioneer women and boys. Indian war-paths, Camp life, and Sports.—A book for Old and Young. Not a dull page. No competition. Enormous sales. *Agents wanted everywhere.* Illustrated circulars free. J. C. McCURDY & CO., 301 Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents wanted for a new, permanent, and respectable business, in which any active man or woman can easily make $5 to $10 a day. One who had never canvassed before made $7.50 in 1 day; an experienced agent made $14.75 in 10 hours. Dec. 13, 1875. A. CLOUD, Manager, Dover St., N. Y. "We know C. A. Cloud to be responsible and reliable, and think he offers Agents extraordinary inducements."—*N. Y. Weekly Sun, April 18, 1876.*
$5 TO $10 A DAY SURE

FREE to Agents who will sell our Centennial Stationery Package. It contains 10 sheets Paper, 15 Envelopes, Golden Pen, Penholder Pencil, Patent Yard Measure, and a piece of Jewelry. Single package with pair of elegant Sleeve Buttons, post-paid, 25c. Circulars free. $6 to $20 a day. Address, Box 3,000, Philadelphia, Pa.

HO, FOR THE BLACK HILLS!
Rifles
Shot Guns
Revolvers
Cost and how to make Shooting Pays, and Price List, free. Address
GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, 253 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

CENTENNIAL BOOK OF BIOGRAPHY
of the great men of the
First 100 Years of Our Independence.
"The glory of America is her great men. Everybody wants to read their lives at this Centennial season. Agents wanted. Agents selling histories should sell this book also. Everybody buys it. The greatest success of the year. Send for circular.
P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., 518 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

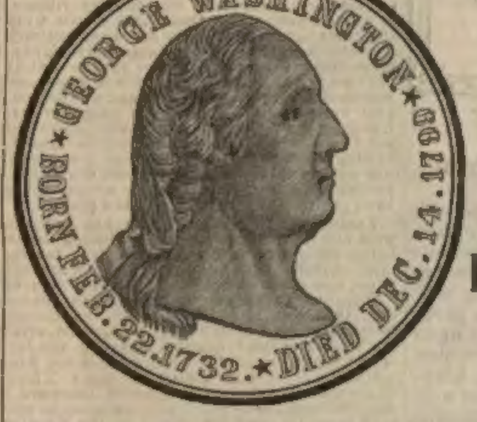
Cures all Blood Diseases
A-B-C
Never fails to give a good appetite. It purifies the blood, and restores to the Liver its primitive health and vigor. It is the best remedy in existence for the cure of Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Sourness of Stomach, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhœa, Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Jaundice, Consumption, Scrofula, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Fever and Ague, General Debility, Nervous Headache, and Female Diseases.

A REWARD
Was, for three years, offered for any case of the above diseases which could not be cured by Clarks' Anti-Bilious Compound.
It is sold by nearly every druggist in the United States. Price $1.00 per bottle.
R. G. & C. S. CLARK, Cleveland, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE
CENTENNIAL HISTORY OF THE U. S.
The great future at to the thrilling history of our country makes this the fastest selling book ever published. It contains a full account of the Grand Centennial Exhibition.
CAUTION.—Old, Incomplete and Unreliable works are being circulated; see that the book you buy contains 442 Fine Engravings and 935 pages. Send for circulars and extra terms to Agents. Address, NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia Pa.

WATERS' PIANOS, Grands, Squares and UPRIGHTS ARE THE BEST MADE; the Tone, Touch, Workmanship, and Durability Unsurpassed.
WATERS' ORGANS, Concerto, NEW ORCHESTRAL, VESPER, CHAPEL, VIOLESTE, and CYMBELLA, cannot be excelled in tone or beauty. The CONCERTO STOP is a fine IMITATION of the HUMAN VOICE. Warranted for SIX YEARS.
PRICES EXTREMELY LOW for cash during this Month. Monthly Instalments received.
A Liberal Discount to Teachers, Ministers, Churches, Schools, Lodges, etc. AGENTS WANTED. Special inducements to the trade. Illustrated Catalogue Sent. HORACE WATERS & SONS, 481 Broadway, New York. Box 3567.
"THE WATERS CONCERTO PARLOR ORGAN.—Lately our attention has been called to a new patented stop added to the Waters Reed Organ, called the Concerto Stop. It is so voiced as to have a tone like a full, rich alto voice; it is especially 'human' in its tone. It is powerful as well as sweet, and when we heard it, we were in doubt whether we liked it best in Solo or with Full Organ. We regard this as a valuable addition to the Reed Organ."—*Rural New Yorker.*
"THE WATERS PIANOS are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of these instruments with confidence, from personal knowledge, as being of the very best quality."—*Christian Intelligencer.*
PATTERSON & NEILL, General Agents, 1323 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.

BEAUTIFUL WORKS OF ART!



CENTENNIAL MEMENTOS

Which every one will value, and which you can easily get.

ALSO,

The Oldest and Best

FAMILY AND LITERARY PAPER IN AMERICA,

ESTABLISHED IN 1821, WHICH HAS BEEN THE DELIGHTFUL FAVORITE OF TWO GENERATIONS, AND IS NOW BRIGHTER AND MORE VIGOROUS THAN EVER.

The engravings in this article show the size and subjects, but do not, and no engraving can, show the excellence of

SIX EXQUISITE MEDALLIONS,
Carved in Black Walnut Wood.

They are no ordinary productions, but are of fine artistic finish, will be an ornament to any parlor, and have elicited the highest commendation from all to whom they have been shown. Being of wood, they will not tarnish, but improve with age. They will be greatly prized by all, simply as unrivalled specimens of art. They are neatly mounted in a box containing a nicely lithographed birds-eye view of the International Exhibition Buildings. These Medallions have been executed to commemorate this

CENTENNIAL YEAR

and its most striking feature, our imposing

INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION,

and are every way worthy the occasion. They will be cherished by their fortunate possessors in after years, and be handed down as heirlooms, to be brought out as treasures at the next Centenary. Many to whom we have shown them considered one dollar each a small price, and we could have disposed of many at that figure. The price for them, however, is twenty-five cents each, or $1 for the whole set. They are made by the Ornamental Wood Company of Philadelphia, with special machinery for the purpose, being struck out of solid wood under immense hydraulic pressure—hence the low price for so fine a production—and they are thus real curiosities, as the figures stand out in bold relief.

WE GIVE AS
A Centennial Present
THE WHOLE SET OF SIX MEDALLIONS to every new subscriber to

The Saturday Evening Post,

according to the terms given below, and have the exclusive use of them for this purpose. This paper, which is already well known throughout the United States and Canada, is the

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper

in America. It was established in Philadelphia, Aug. 4, 1821, and has never missed its regular weekly issue from that day to the present. During this whole period it has maintained its place in the front rank as a most welcome and entertaining visitor, safe instructor, and highly prized friend of old and young. (See extracts from letters in another column.) It contains the best Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Agricultural, Household, Scientific, Fashion, and Miscellaneous Articles. It has a department devoted to the Children. This year a special feature is made of

Centennial News,

with illustrations of prominent buildings and other notable objects connected with the Exposition. Its contributors will continue to be the best which money can secure, in this country and in Europe, and no effort will be spared by

Its New Proprietors

to maintain and advance its high standard. While it is believed to be the best as well as largest paper of its class published, it is yet the cheapest in price. Until recently the price has been $1.50 per year, but we now offer to send

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

for one year, together with the

CENTENNIAL PRESENT
OF THE
SIX MEDALLIONS,

the whole postage paid by us, on receipt of $2.50.
Or we will send TWO MEDALLIONS and the paper for six months on receipt of $1.25.
Or we will send ONE MEDALLION and the paper for three months on receipt of 75 cents.
To those who are already subscribers to this paper, we make the following offer:
We will send, post-paid, ONE of the MEDALLIONS for each new subscriber for one year which you may obtain, this is in addition to the present to the subscriber. In this way you can without difficulty secure the whole set.
We have yet remaining some of the beautiful Chromos made specially for this paper, entitled

De Soto Discovering the Mississippi

copied by special permission of the Government from the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington.

For $3.00

We will send the SATURDAY EVENING POST for One Year, the Six Medallions, and the Chromo mounted for framing, all post-paid.

RECAPITULATION OF TERMS.

For $3.00, the POST 1 year, 6 Medallions, and mounted Chromo.
" 2.50, the POST 1 year and 6 Medallions, or the mounted Chromo.
" 1.25, the POST 8 months and two Medallions, or unmounted Chromo, as the subscriber may choose.
" 75, the POST 3 months and one medallion.
" 2.00, the POST for One Year.
" 1.00, the POST for 6 months.

State particularly whether the Chromo or the Medallions are wanted, if both are not taken.
Write your name, Post Office, and STATE very plainly.
Make checks or money orders payable to our order. Address

BENNETT & FITCH,
Publishers of Saturday Evening Post,
726 SANSOM ST., Philadelphia, Pa.

Ladies and Gentlemen,
BOYS AND GIRLS,

who have the time, or will take it, to earn good wages, can do so by sending $2.50 for sample and outfit and terms to agents, and then canvassing for subscribers. We want a good *Resident Agent* in every township and district in the United States, and will pay them well. Address as above. BENNETT & FITCH.

The following extracts from letters, the originals of which are in our office, show what our subscribers think of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. We could fill this page with similar notes:
"Have been a constant subscriber to the Post for twenty years, and if improvement is as marked in future as under your management, will be a life subscriber."—Wm. Buchanan, Pittsburgh, N. Y. ——"I have ever esteemed the Post for its purity."—Mrs. Mary H. Kall, Louisville, Ohio. ——"This will make about fifty years I have been a constant subscriber."—Jos. Corey, Almond, N. Y. ——"I have taken the SATURDAY EVENING POST for fifteen years. Although 70 years old, I feel as anxious every week for the arrival of my dear old friend as I ever did."—Mrs. R. H. Radcrus, Ill. ——"I have been reading it ever since I learned to read, and ever since the first number was published."—Mrs. John G. Angole, New Town, Md.

Who are Bennett & Fitch?
Will They Do What They Promise?
Is It Safe to Send Them Money?

The following are answers to these very natural and proper questions:
GEORGE C. BENNETT, one of the publishers, founded, and for twenty seven years conducted the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Daily Times.
W. A. FITCH, the other publisher, was for fourteen years connected with the well-known American Agriculturist, four years editorially and ten years in the business department; his more recent engagement, until taking charge of the Post, was with this paper, THE WEEKLY SUN.
The following are selected from many similar voluntary notices:

Old Hands on an Old Journal.

Ex-Assemblyman George C. Bennett, the founder and for 27 years publisher of the Brooklyn *Daily Times*, and Mr. W. A. Fitch, for many years with the *American Agriculturist*, have bought the SATURDAY EVENING POST, of Philadelphia, which is now hale and vigorous in its fifty-fifth year of publication. With the capital, enterprise, and experience here combined, large success seems assured.—*New York Telegram.*

Messrs. George C. Bennett and William A. Fitch, of Brooklyn, have bought THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, of Philadelphia, the oldest family literary journal in the United States, which has held its place for many years in a quiet way against younger journals of the same class. Mr. Bennett was the founder of the Brooklyn *Times*, and Mr. Fitch has been connected for years with the business concerns of journalism.—*New York Evening Post.*

FASHION NOTES.

"Still sighs the world for something new." ow we wish we could gratify the feminine world by announcing a startling novelty—in bonnets, for instance; for at present there is so little really new or different from prevailing modes, that there is a great probability of wearying our readers with sameness and repetition. There is still much that is pretty and worthy of description, however, for instance the

NEW SUMMER MANTLES

of silk, or mixed silk and wool. Many are cut long and plain; simply hemmed all around and fringed at the ends, resembling the old-fashioned mantle of our grandmama's day. The new ones are draped in the back with tassels to represent an Arabian cloak or Bournous, and are specially becoming to tall, slender figures. One of the prettiest we have seen was a

PALE, CREAM-COLORED SERGE SILK ONE.

It was cut very long, but not deep, being the width of the silk, twenty-seven inches and fully four yards long. It was edged with cream-tinted lace two and a half inches deep, on each side of the middle of the back was placed a hook-and-eye,—very large ones—a yard distant on each side from each side from each other. A large soft tassel of cream color was attached to the middle of the drapery, formed by hooking the parts together. Two more were added on each side and combined with the lace which had the effect of a jabot or shell-shape, the result was very good.

COQUETTISH SHADE HATS

of Leghorn and rough yellow straws are shown. Of the Leghorn hats are preferred one trimmed with cream-colored serge silk and black velvet loops, intermingled with clusters of field daisies with brown centres. One side of the hat was looped.

The rough straw hats were smaller and resembled the "Dolly Vardens" of a past season or two. One trimmed with a wreath of pale violets, small daisies and poppies, and having long black streamers of gros-grain ribbon, was very pretty, and girlish.

Suits of blue or brown cambric are very much worn. The prevailing mode is to have underskirt and sleeves of plain blue or brown with a sleeved polonaise of striped plaided or dotted goods of similar material. Pockets of plain goods, also collar and belt.

WHITE MUSLIN OVERDRESSES

are returning to favor. This fact we record with pleasure, since nothing is more charming for summer wear than the sheer Swiss or French muslins. The present styles for these overdresses are different from other seasons, inasmuch as there is the usual tendency to introduce a mixture of cream-tint into every fabric where its admission is possible.

A charming dress, or more correctly speaking an overdress of very sheer French muslin had cream-tinted and similar edging of lace. It was made in the "Jewess" style which, as our readers know, is sleeveless and cut somewhat on the Gabrielle patterns. Another overdress and basque was of fine sheer Swiss muil of a bluish tint. It was trimmed with knife pleatings of cream-tinted French muslin interspersed with loops of brown velvet ribbon. A sash of brown serge ribbon striped with velvet looped the back widths.

BLACK LACE SHAWLS

are utilized now by being worn as overskirts in connection with black lace sacques. These are only suitable for house or carriage wear, being too pronounced for the street.

GRENADINE VEILS

made fully a yard long, hemmed on the bottom, and having an elastic rim on the top, and worn around the shade hats, are shown. Dark brown, blue or bottle green are given the preference.

A PRETTY FANCY IN BRACELETS

is to have two inch bands of velvets of a tint to match the trimming of the dress or else black velvet, covered with small gilt and silver coins that are prepared for sewing on. Being pierced with holes in the upper part. These are sometimes interspersed with half-moons, stars, etc., and have a pendant tassel of two of gilt and silver.

A tendency to revive the

CHATELAINE BRAIDS

is very marked. Some Parisian belles wear them uncomfortably long. Long daggers of jet, steel, gilt and mother-of-pearl are worn in them. The fancy for nets was not very popular and after having been adopted by a few, died out.

In Batiste costumes we have noticed two very pretty ones. The first we shall describe was of pale tan-color and had a bright border of white ground with field-flowers upon it. The underskirt had a kilted flounce with the bright border added at the bottom of the flounce in fine knife-pleating. The deep overskirt had the knife-pleating around the edge also. It was the Bolteuse or "Cripple" shape, being looped high on the left side and not at all on the right. A deep portfolio-pocket was placed low down on the right side. The waist was a French basque trimmed with knife-pleating. Pleated collarette at the neck.

The other was of cream-colored Batiste with a border pattern upon a light ground. The favorite "Waits of Troy," or Grecian pattern being used. This suit was made with a plain, full underskirt of the plain cream tint. The front and first side-breadths were trimmed with diagonal puffs of the border pattern. A long Princesse polonaise edged with the border in cluster plaits of three small ones in a group, was made open in front and having sleeves trimmed with the border in diagonal puffs, completed the suit. The looping of the back was peculiar, being done on one side only—the left of the middle seam.

A hat of yellow straw trimmed with small black ostrich tips and black and white ribbon, with a cluster of poppy blooms under the capote front, was worn with this very striking costume.

For morning wear nothing is prettier or more serviceable than striped and plaited

NANSOOK MUSLIN

made up into overskirt and basque. The latter half-loose and worn with black or brown silk underskirt.

THE OPEN WORK MEXICAINES

of last summer are again very popular. One of a tint between cream and corn was made a deep polonaise open in the back and closed by brown, gros-grain bows. A wide brown sash, looped in the back widths, being first passed in loose, easy folds around the waist and under the first puff below, the waist giving a good effect.

Our thanks are due Messrs. Homer & Colladay for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

Our model for this week will, we think, meet the need and approbation of all our readers, being something which all can use:

A PAIR OF DRESSING SLIPPERS.

These can be Crocheted, or embroidered, if preferred, but we think the method we shall describe will be found quicker and easier. Materials required: One pair cork soles, lined with wool or canton flannel. A quarter of a yard of scarlet flannel. A quarter of a yard of black or dark green cloth such as is used for table and piano covers. Two pieces of black velvet about two inches long and a half wide. Two pieces of scarlet Mokair braid. Two bunches or skeins of gold-colored silk twist. Cut the upper part of a slipper, making it to extend high up on the instep and low at sides sloping down almost to the heel. Line the crimson cloth, or dark green cloth with the crimson flannel. Cut a shield-shaped piece from the piece of black velvet—one for each slipper—basin on the top of the slipper, near the centre of instep. Stitch around with chain stitching in the gold-colored silk, and work some little spray or figure in the centre of the velvet. Sew on the slipper to the cork sole and make a double quilling of the crimson braid to go around the upper part of the slipper and also the back of the sole where the sides slope down. Nothing is more comfortable for putting on in hurry could be found. We can furnish patterns and also little designs for the embroidery on the upper part, if desired. Slipper pattern, 10 cents; small embroidery designs from 10 to 15 cents each.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. M. R.—Your dark grey poreee will be quite suitable to wear as travelling dress for Centennial season. You will need a black silk also. Get a grey English straw bonnet; trim with serge silk a little darker than the straw, and two small tips of ostrich feathers. The chain will cost $25.00.

ANNIE.—The style you mention is passed. Cream color prevails and is very becoming to most complexions—very especially to dark-haired persons. Get a navy blue percale and make with overskirt and loose or half-tight fitting sacque. No trouble to answer. Come again.

MRS. M. L.—The Spanish scarfs are still worn but cream-colored ones are considered more stylish than black ones. You need two pairs of gloves—one for the morning and the other for the reception you spoke about. Get cream colored for the latter and pale grey or lavender for the former occasion.

JESSIE D.—Wash your hair in borax-water and afterwards apply glycerine diluted with rose water or lemon juice. This is an excellent wash for strengthening and beautifying the hair.

NIMON.

FIRST AND LAST.

"But tell me, dear," she said—
And coyingly the soft eyes shown,
And shyly drooped the modest head
Beside his own—
"But tell me, have you loved before?
Or one, or more?"

The eager, sparkling face
Was full of tender, trusting grace;
She did not fear his answer then
Her king of men!
"But tell me, dear, the best and worst,
Or, am I first?"

He turned his eyes away;
Yet closer still her hand he pressed,
Nor answered yea, nor nay;
A blush confessed
All, in one burning word,
Unsaid, unheard!

Quick came a burst of tears—
A tempest from an April sky—
And then: "Forgive my doubts and fears,"
He heard her sigh.
"Why should I care what loves are past,
So mine be last?"

A NARROW ESCAPE.

"I first went to sea," said old Captain Sharp, one day, in response to a numerous demand from the company assembled in the neatly-sanded parlor of the old Sailor's Head, "as an apprentice boy on board the brig Albatross, of London, Captain John Collier, as thorough a seaman as ever passed the Nore Light. He had instructions to proceed from Leith to Rio Janeiro with a mixed cargo. Having shipped his crew, obtained the usual clearance from her Majesty's customs, and his bill of health from the Brazilian vice-consul, we dropped down the Firth of Forth with a fair wind, and put to sea; but we were barely clear of the river when the breeze became light, or what we sailors call a soldier's wind."

"What sort of wind is that, Mr. Sharp," asked one of the auditory; "for, being a soldier, I should like to know?"

"Why, sir, it means that it is blowing so that the craft might lie with her head any way."

This was not a very lucid explanation, but the company were forced to be content therewith.

"After a time the breeze freshened, and we ran along the coast of England to reach the Channel; but ere long it increased to a gale, and we had to beat hard to windward to keep off the rocks near Bamborough Castle. That night we were involved in a regular hurricane, and everything was taken off the brig but the topsails, and they were closely reefed, with the yards well down on the cap. Something had gone wrong with the steering compass; thus we were nearer the coast than we thought. All around us was pitchy blackness, utter obscurity and gloom. Not a star was visible in the zenith, and shipping sea after sea in succession as the waves broke over her, the Albatross labored sorely, being heavily laden.

"Suddenly there was a shout from the forecastle—a shout that was heard above even the bellowing of the wind and the hiss of the sharp salt spray.

"'Breakers on the lee bow!'

"'Hard up with the helm!' cried Captain Collier, through his trumpet. 'Keep her off a little—steady!'

"He came rushing forward. I instantly followed him, and saw to my terror, amid the darkness around us, the blacker outline of the land looming high and vast, and all along its base a long white line of foam—the breakers!

"We were close in shore, but where we knew not exactly, for by this time we should have seen the lights of Lowestoft; but not the faintest gleam was visible, and ere the Albatross could be put about, or even thrown for a moment in the wind, she went on the rocks, her masts went crash by the board, and before we had time to think of it, she was totally wrecked.

"As the masts had fallen on the land side, not a moment was to be lost in using them as bridges whereby to reach the shore, which was so close that one might have tossed a biscuit on it, and while we could hear the tearing and rending of the ship's timbers as the wild sea, now penetrating into the hold like a demon of destruction, burst her asunder, we made our way along the wreckage of the masts, yards and tophamper. Six men perished amid the surf; but Captain Collier, eight others, and myself—though a mere boy—reached the rocks just as the day was breaking.

"The coast where we landed was a perpendicular cliff, about seventy feet in height, and then our most terrible disaster was yet to come. The cliff rose from a base of sand and clay, which is continually washed by the sea during high tides, thus many cavities are formed of considerable depth, from which the soil has been sucked out by the back-wash of the waves, and into one of them we scrambled for shelter from the bitter cold and fierce inclemency of the weather, and penetrating for about twenty yards from the shore we all sat huddled close together for warmth.

"For some time there was no appearance of the tempest abating, and we could see, as dawn brightened, the stormy scud flying past, and white foam dancing where the brig had gone utterly to pieces, and where the boxes, bales, and barrels that had been her cargo were tossed wildly about, the flotsam and jetsam of the sea.

"Poor Captain Collier, who had a wife and several children in Greenwich, having lost nearly his all in the brig, was overwhelmed by his misfortune, and sat moodily with his head between his hands, staring seaward, as the day drew on.

"Suddenly a half-stifled cry escaped us all. There was a dull, crashing sound, and all were involved in utter darkness. The sea, the daylight, the sound of the waves were all gone, as if a curtain had fallen between us and them. And such indeed was the case. A mass of rock from above, that had long been impending, had slipped suddenly down and inclosed us all in a dreadful trap—in one common grave.

"We could touch but not see each other. For a time we could breathe, but respiration soon became difficult. Words are too weak to describe the horror of such a situation as ours. Better would it have been that we had all perished with the ship.

"The prayers and lamentations of my companions soon became weak; sobs, sighs, groans, and gasping succeeded as suffocation set in, and each perished in succession. Light seemed to flash out of my eyes; there came ere long a roaring in my ears; a mighty weight appeared to oppress my chest, and in a little time I became insensible, and was only, as the strange sensation came over me, conscious that it must be death. Yet, though I was a boy, I had no dread of it—not half so much as I should of it now.

"How long I lay in that condition I can scarcely tell you; but I did come round again, else I wouldn't have been here to spin this yarn to-day.

"I had been nearer the mouth of the cavern than my companions, and when the tide had completely ebbed, there was left between the fallen mass of rock and the sand a little cranny, through which there came now a ray of light, and the current of fresh air from the sea that had preserved and revived me.

"By this pale light I could see the white and distorted faces of my dead shipmates, many of whom were in strange positions, that told plainly of the agony in which they had perished.

"I was full of intense horror at the idea of being thus confined with the dead, and I gazed at them fearfully, my heart beating fast and painfully, as my eyes became accustomed to the dim twilight admitted by the cranny, which ere long I knew would be closed by the returning tide.

"On examining it, I found that it could be enlarged by scraping away the sand, and with my heart filled with prayer, gratitude, and hope, to this task I at once addressed myself with an energy born of dread and dismay, and so actively did I work that in ten minutes I had scraped out a hole large enough for me to creep through, and painfully and arduously I drew myself out on my hands and knees, and ere long found myself breathing the free air of heaven on the strip of beach where the fragments of the wreck were lying.

"The sun was setting, and thus I knew I had spent a whole day in company with the dead. Other tombs than that cavern they had none, for when I came back to the spot, accompanied by a party of the Coastguard, whose station was on the summit of the cliff, we found that another enormous mass of the impending cliff had fallen from above, and closed up the cavern forever; thus I had just escaped in time."

CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

Arkansas State Building.

As will be seen from the accompanying illustration, Arkansas has erected a very imposing looking pavilion, as its State Building. It is located northwest of the Catholic Fountain, and is octagonal in form, eighty feet in diameter, with a dome upon it. The design is novel and adds to the contrast in styles of architecture, which is such a striking characteristic of these State Buildings.

UNDER A ROSE.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

Bend softly, green branches, above the green sod; let your bright leaves fall like a vail between the world and me.

Pretty little leaves, only a summer old, your bright beauty unsoiled by the dust of the highways, ye know not my grief. Swaying back and forth, in the pleasant south wind, keeping time to the song of the birds and the sweet laughter of the little children! What can ye know of *mine*, who lies asleep under your murmuring breath?

And you, oh slender branch, made brave and strong by the snow and the cold of a winter-time! What can you know of my darling; who faded, like a fair flower, when the first frost came over the hill—who brought me a blessing when she came, and when she went, left emptiness—who laid her golden head on my breast only to leave the loneliest heartache, when they took it away. What can you know of her, though you steal your very sweetness from her little pale lips?

The rose is your crown, and you bear her bravely along toward the open gate of the summer; but a day will come when the pink leaves will fall to the ground, and it will not *be* a rose any longer.

You will miss your beautiful rose, and ye, little leaves, will fall sadly about her!

But *my* little Rose sleeps securely! No cold wind can blow the golden ringlets away from the fair brow; no storm disturb the stillness of her sweet repose!

The little white hands are folded over a stainless breast, and the blue eyes—once so full of heaven—are closed to earth and me.

Shall I know my darling, when she awakes?

Ah, little bending bush, when we awake; for I, too, will be buried under the rose!

A BEAUTIFUL form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues and pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts.

"IT is indeed remarkable," said a noble Burlingtonian, sitting in his parlor conversing with a few visitors, "most remarkable, that in all ages, the records of which are bright with the glorious music of masters whose names are written on every page of the world's history in letters of gold, no woman has ever written an opera, or composed an oratorio, that could link her name to undying fame. In the very walks of art, where one would suppose woman should reign upon an undivided throne, she is little more than a menial, a humble attendant, waiting upon, and meekly subject to, the whims of her master, who—"

Just then a woman's voice from the back yard split the April air like the sweep of a sabre—

"John Jenkins! You come here and keep this baby out of the soapsuds while I put on the clothes!"

And then the committee rose, and the noble Burlingtonian being excused by unanimous consent, the house soon after adjourned.

NEVER be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not, if trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits: —remember that "troubles never stop for ever," and also, that "the darkest day will pass away."

ARKANSAS STATE BUILDING.

A REVOLUTIONARY HEROINE.

The following story is told of the wife of the first governor of Tennessee: Then only plain Captain John Sevier, in command of the fort on the Nolachucky. Near by was "Daisy Fields," the residence of Mr. Sherrill. One day a party of Indians made a sudden descent upon the station, and the frightened women fled in every direction. One tall, beautiful figure shot out toward the fort with the speed of a deer. This was Catherine Sherrill. She was a woodland beauty, and famous through the country for her courage and agility. It is said "she could outrun and outleap every other woman; could walk and ride more gracefully and skillfully than any other woman in the country." She surely had need of all her powers now. She was a prize the savages wanted, and with fierce yells they sprang to intercept her way. She left the direct path, took a circuitous way, and came up on the back side of the fort, intending to scale the palisades. Gathering all her powers, she sprang into the air. An officer was reaching over the top to catch her and lift her in, but his foot slipped and both fell to the ground, with the wall still between them. A loud shout from the Indians, as they felt the prize in their hands, gave added strength to the maiden's limbs. She said, when telling the story in after years, "Their bullets and arrows came like hail; it was leap or die, for I would not live a captive." With one terrible effort she leaped into the air once more, cleared the palisades, and came down into the arms of her future husband.

The first thing this noble girl did after her marriage was to make with her own hands the suits worn by her husband and his three sons at the battle of King's Mountain. She was peculiarly adapted to the requirements of her position—that of the highest lady in a new country. Another attack was threatened soon after her marriage, and families hastened away to a place of greater safety. "I shall not go," said she, though her husband was away in the army; "the wife of John Sevier knows no fear!" At another time a large band of Tories came to the house, determined to hang her husband. She hid him, and faced them at the door. They threatened to shoot her down if she would not tell where her husband was.

"Shoot! shoot!" she cried; "I am not afraid to die! But remember that while there is a Sevier upon the earth, my blood will not be unavenged."

THE smallest man may be complete by confining his actions within the limits of his capacity and skill; but even fine gifts are obscured, ruined and annihilated if the indispensable proportion be wanting. This mischief will often display itself in this new time; for who can hope to fulfil satisfactorily the claims of an age everyway full of exaggeration and also in rapidest movements?

"WHITTIER'S complete works for one dollar" are advertised, and the Detroit *Free Press* thinks it must be awfully humiliating for a man to see all that he has ever done sold for one dollar. But this depends upon what he has done. If we were to give one dollar for all that some men have done, we should look for ninety-nine cents change, and a premium chromo worth at least fifteen dollars thrown in.

PERSONALITIES.

THE Sultan of Turkey pays $40,000 for music in the harem.

JOAQUIN MILLER has been visiting Philadelphia, and will probably build a poem on the Centennial.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL, the renowned scientist, looks twenty years younger since his marriage. It is rumored that he is to be made a baronet.

BRYANT'S new history makes out John Smith to be a fraud, Pocahontas being only twelve years old when Powhatan failed to do his duty.

PRINCE OSCAR, second son of the King of Sweden, has sailed from Carlscrona for this country. He will visit the Centennial Exhibition.

DOM PEDRO has, since his arrival in this country traveled more than 10,000 miles, or about 300 miles a day. And he is still on the wing.

THE Prince of Wales is said to have increased his royal adipose considerably by his Eastern trip. His desperate battles with lions and tigers probably fattened him.

RHODE ISLAND sends to the Centennial a policeman who measures six feet three inches. That comes from living in a small State. Not having room to spread, he ran up.

MRS. SHERIDAN thought a parrot might amuse the baby, and said so, but when she saw an eighteen-pounder Parrot gun come trundling up to the house on a dray, she saw that Philip had misunderstood her.

IT is reported that Mrs. Caroline Richings-Bernard is in receipt of a very handsome offer from Manager Mapleson to become the prima donna of a company of American singers for a series of performances in England next season.

THE richest man in Prussia is neither banker nor noble, but plain Krupp, the maker of cannon. He pays more income tax than any man in Prussia. He pays nearly 110,000 marks, which represents a yearly scale of profits exceeding $1,250,000.

WHEN Queen Victoria started on her recent Continental trip, all trains on the railway from London to Portsmouth were stopped to allow her a safe and free passage; all the stations were also blocked up and put under ban to curious sightseers hungry for a peep at Her Majesty and the royal train.

A BUCKS county Pa., farmer drove into Philadelphia, on the 10th of May, with a load of garden sass, and casually inquired what all the noise and excitement was about. They told him the Centennial was going to be opened. "Sen-tenny-al?" said he. "Sen-tenny-al? What's thunder's that?" They hung him forthwith to the nearest lamp-post.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN'S hideousness in the character of Meg Merrilies was produced by very careful painting. She was a large, rather plump woman, yet as the Scotch hag her face and arms were made to seem wrinkled and thin. A writer in the *Belgravia* says that the compelling was done by a female attendant who had been thoroughly instructed by Miss Cushman, and occupied half an hour previous to each performance.

MME SUZANNE LAGIER, a good actress, but extremely stout, was one night enacting a part in a melodrama with Taillade, the original Pierre of the "Two Orphans," who had, at one moment to carry her fainting off the stage. He tried with all his might to lift the fair heroine, but although she helped her little comrade by standing on tiptoe in the usual manner, he was unable to move an inch. At this juncture a boy in the gallery cried out, "Take what you can, and come back for the rest."

MR. GLADSTONE continues his alternating labors with the pen and the ax. He has just completed a paper on "Modern Religious Thought," which will appear in the *Contemporary Review* for June, after which he sat to work and cut down a beech tree, the trunk of which measured thirteen feet in circumference. This task he accomplished in less than six hours, and, according to the opinion of professional woodcutters, in a thoroughly workmanlike manner. The trunk contained over two hundred cubic feet, and weighed nearly nine tons.

Some three miles from Westminster village, in Massachusetts, and about half a mile from any other house, an old lady has lived entirely alone for more than fifteen years. She is eighty-three years of age, and blind; yet she builds her own fire in an old fashioned fire-place, and manages to prepare her meals and do the general work about the house. A neighbor carries her a loaf of bread occasionally, chops her wood and keeps a sight over sight of her affairs, but for the most part she does her own work. She owns a valuable timber lot and some other real estate, but prefers to live alone rather than pay for the care of herself and property.

Because the Prince of Wales has brought with him from India two very distinguished native officers to hold rank as his aides-de-camp, a foolish idea has got into the Britannic mind, now much exercised by the addition of "Empress" to the ancient title of the sovereign, that it is intended to form an Indian body-guard for Queen Victoria in London, after the fashion of the Praetorian Guard of the Roman Emperors; of the Scottish Archers, who were the special body-guard of Louis XI. of France, as described in "Quentin Durward," and the Circassians and Bashkirs, who, in our own time, guarded the person of the Czar in St. Petersburg. Of course the apprehension in question is entirely groundless.

SCIENTIFIC.

AXLE AND ANTI-ATTRITION GREASE.—One part of fine black lead, ground smooth, with four parts of lard.

THE process of carving in stone by means of the sand-blast is carried on with great success at Rutland, Vt., where a company has been engaged for a year and a half in the manufacture of headstones for the national cemeteries. The names are inscribed upon the stone by the sand-blast in fifteen minutes.

A PROPOSITION has been submitted to Congress to have storm flags carried by locomotives of passenger trains, and announced by three whistles every few miles. It is assumed that this warning would enable the farmers to save hay and grain which otherwise would be injured by the rain, to the amount of several millions of dollars a year.

THE experiment has been made, and apparently with success, of feeding silk-worms with lettuce instead of mulberry-leaves. The caterpillars ate the lettuce ravenously, and went through their metamorphoses in the usual manner. A few only died, and those apparently from the carelessness of the attendant in not wiping the leaves dry. The cocoons were of good quality, and the experiment is regarded as sufficiently successful to warrant more extended trial.

IT would seem that M. de la Bastie's tough-ened glass is not likely to prove quite so useful an article as was at first supposed. It is true that it does not easily break, but it turns out also that it cannot be cut. A number of experiments show, that on attempting to cut it with a wheel, drill, or file, it immediately bursts like a Prince Rupert's drop. It was found that a disc of the toughened glass could be drilled at the centre without breaking, but if pierced at any other point it went to pieces.

HALL'S Journal of Health thus sums up some of the uses of salt: It will cure sick-headache, make cream freeze, make the butter come, take ink stains out of cloth of any kind, kill weeds, kill worms, make the ground cool; and it is more congenial to celery, cabbage, etc. It will ease the itching pain caused by irritating skin diseases, cure hives, itch, etc. It will produce vomiting or stop it, as you like, and many other things too numerous to mention. All pure salt will do this, to a certain degree, but sea salt is the most effectual in its action.

ANOTHER invention which promises to do most astonishing things by exceedingly simple means, has recently been announced. A resident of Whitefield, Me., asserts that a quart of water, treated with five cents' worth of certain chemicals, can be made to produce more light than a quart of kerosene oil; and a barrel of water with one dollar's worth of chemicals, more heat than a cord of rock-maple wood. These assertions he promises to make good in the presence of eminent men of science, as soon as the invention is fully perfected. Meantime we shall have to bust and light ourselves in the ordinary old-fashioned way.

AN ingenious French device is that for changing sea water into drinkable water, the means being so simple as to be entirely practicable. A shallow box is made, fourteen feet long, two feet broad, and about six inches deep. The sides are an inch or more thick, and well caiked. Into this, salt water is poured to an inch in depth, and glass is laid over the top at an inclination of an inch and a half. A channel is added below the lower edge of the glass—window sashes, such as are used for cabin windows or skylights, answering for this purpose as well as sheets of glass, care being taken to cut away the framing, so as to make both the wood and glass on the under side level. This apparatus, as thus formed, is exposed to the sun, the effect of whose rays is to evaporate the water, which condenses on the under side of the glass, flows down into the channel, and is caught by a vessel. After condensation, the water is of course fresh. It is stated that, by means of this arrangement, and with a glass three feet two inches square, two gallons of fresh water per day may easily be condensed under a hot sun from salt water.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—Only for an Hour. Genius. Leaves of the Past.

E. A. C., (Canada).—Your poem, we are sorry to say, is declined. There was no "coin" enclosed for return postage.

BLACK HILLS.—M. J. P.—The "Black Hills" are so called from the name being a literal translation of the Sioux name "Pah-sapp." The climate is said to be sufficiently varied to suit all tastes.

FARE TO THE CENTENNIAL.—H. C. B.—The fare from Omaha to Philadelphia and return to Omaha, can be had for $76. The round trip from San Francisco to Philadelphia and return will cost $258, currency.

MARY.—"Handsome is that handsome does," and if your friends can find nothing worse to say against him than that he is plain looking, you must not let their bantering cause you to discourage him, the more particularly as you evidently have a liking for him.

T. W. C.—The only way, at any rate the easiest way, for your friend to find out the present location and prospective movements of the United States vessel, on board of which her son is, would be for her to address a letter to the Navy Department at Washington, requesting the information and telling her object in questioning.

QUEEN VICTORIA. "CENTENNIAL."—Queen Victoria was the only child of Edward, Duke of Kent (a son of George III), and Maria Louisa Victoria of Saxe Coburg, who was a sister of Leopold I, of Belgium. Her family name is Guelph, and sprang from the house of Brunswick, which has two lines—the royal in England and the ducal in Germany.

TELESCOPE.—J. McL. (Illinois.)—The precise period at which telescopes were invented is not known. The principles were described by Roger Bacon as early as 1250. Newton completed two telescopes in 1672, but the first of any importance was made by Dr. Hooke, in 1674. This was improved upon by Mr. Hadley, in 1718, and a much higher degree of excellence was attained by Sir William Herschel, who succeeded in producing one which magnified objects 6500 times.

"MAD AS A HATTER."—J. E.—"Can you please tell me what is the meaning or origin of the expression "mad as a hatter." Being one of that honorable fraternity myself, I have often wondered why we should be considered as being so especially 'mad' as to be singled out in this manner?" You may make your mind quite easy on that point, as there is no reflection whatever on hatters in the phrase in question. "Mad as a Hatter" is a corruption of "Mad as an atter" (adder). The word *adder* is *atter* in Saxon, and *natter* in German.

INAUGURATION DAY.—A. M. E.—"Why was the Fourth of March fixed upon as inauguration day more than any other day? I suppose there was some reason for it, but what it is I do not know." This is how it came about: Congress appointed the first Wednesday in January, 1789, for the people to choose electors, the first Wednesday in February for these electors to choose a President, and the first Wednesday in March for the Government to go into operation. The last named day fell upon the Fourth in that year, and hence the Fourth of March following the election of a President was ever after made inauguration day.

MRS. M. J. S.—One very pretty way of using your shells would be to take some paste-board (an old box is best, as it does not warp), and cut from it a cross, rub it over with the following cement and then cover it with shells, and you will have a very handsome ornament. Take one pound white lead, one pound whiting; mix in linseed oil to a soft putty; add one-third flour and two tablespoonfuls japan; have it soft enough to spread. It takes two or three days to dry it. Another way is to have a bracket made without sides, and cover with shells in the same way. (2) Whose "Life of Christ" do you mean? If you will tell us, we shall be able to reply to your question regarding the two books.

DANDRUFF.—Pedro.—Dandruff arises from a neglect to give the head that attention which it requires as much as the face and hands. To preserve the hair in good condition, it should be rubbed every night till it is soft and glossy. Rubbing the scalp with a little water or weak spirits of any kind, will keep it white and free from dandruff. The hair should also be thoroughly washed with warm water and castile soap at least once a week. A remedy strongly recommended for the cure of dandruff consists of a preparation of one ounce of flour of sulphur and one quart of water. The clear liquid is to be poured off after the mixture has been repeatedly agitated during an interval of several hours, and the head saturated every morning. In a few weeks, it is said, every trace of dandruff will disappear, and the hair will become soft and glossy.

T. S. C., (Highland), thus writes: "There is a young gentleman in this place where I live, and a young lady and myself both have fallen in love with him, and I want him. Please tell me what to do." We hardly know what advice to give on so delicate a subject. We have had some slight acquaintance with love matters, but have never been placed in your peculiar position, so cannot speak from experience. A young friend at our elbow, whose advice we asked says: "If you want him, 'go for him.'" But far be it from us to indulge in slang, even to please the ladies. Some authorities on love matters say you must not let him learn your love; be distant with him, and he will try to be near with you. Others, again, say that love begets love, and that an action perceived is likely to set the manly breast on fire with love. Between such diverse maxims, you can certainly choose some golden mean.

"COCKEN AND GUNTER."—J. De M.—"I have lately met with two phrases, "According to Cocker," and "According to Gunter," meaning, I suppose, that everything was all correct. Now, who is Gunter and Cocker? Are they two individuals, or have the names got mixed up; and how did the phrases originate?" Cocker was a very celebrated writing master of Charles II's time, who published several works on Arithmetic, a Dictionary, etc., which were considered standard authorities. The arithmetic especially was extremely reverenced for its correctness and conciseness, and became a popular standard of appeal in cases of doubt or dispute. Our American phrase, with a similar meaning, is "According to Gunter." Gunter being a scientific worthy who invented the Sector, in 1606; and who in 1623, about the time of the great Puritan exodus to this continent, brought out his famous "Rule of Proportion." This was popularly known as Gunter's Proportion, or "Gunter's Line," and the term soon came into use in the same sense as "According to Cocker," is still used in England.

ORDERS OF CHIVALRY.—SIDNEY B.—There are at the present time no less than one hundred and twenty-seven different orders of chivalry, which the different crowned heads of the Old World have in their gift to bestow on those they wish to honor. In the good old days of knight-errantry, any gallant youth might aspire to the golden spurs, but in this nineteenth century the opportunities for their attainment are so comparatively rare that these are far more valuable in the eyes of those who belong to them. Out of the 127, Spain has the largest number, 12; Austria and Prussia, 10 each; Sweden and Portugal, 8 each; Great Britain comes next with 5. But of all orders, none is so highly prized as the British Order of the Garter, both on account of its age, as of the circle among whom it is distributed being so restricted. Only twenty-seven persons can be possessed of the much-coveted "blue ribbon" at the same time, and they are always selected from the highest of British nobility, or from the royal houses of continental Europe. The other four British orders are the Order of the Thistle, Order of St. Patrick, Order of the Bath, and Order of St. Michael and St. George.

THE VIOLET.—E. D. WINSTON.—The Imperialists, as they are called, that is the adherents of the Napoleon family have adopted the violet as their flower-badge, that flower having been selected by the first Napoleon himself, and ever since zealously maintained by his party. It was on leaving France for Elba that he said, "I shall return with the violets;" and this little sentence was sufficient for his sympathizers. Violet ribbons and violet rings were publicly worn by the Bonapartists as party distinctions. "*Aimez-vous la violette?*" was the test question to find out who was a sympathizer. If he simply replied in the affirmative, it showed that the responder knew nothing of the schemes for the restoration; while the answer "Yes, it will return in the spring," was the sign of a confederate. Such being the significance attached to this flower, when Napoleon, on his escape from Elba, actually re-entered the Tuileries, on March 20, 1815, when the violet indeed had returned, it increased in favor a hundredfold; and has ever since continued to be the Napoleonic flower, so much so that during Bourbon ascendency, it was dangerous to wear one in public. It is said that the annual sale of violets in Paris exceeds 6,000,000 bunches.

MISCELLANEOUS.—H. R. N.—Your questions we cannot answer, as it is not our business to report on the character of any business firms. MEL.—Certainly. The paper you allude to is published yet. E. B.—Our opinion is that kissing, like most other things, is good under suitable circumstances. J. J. H.—The proper length of an evening call depends on circumstances; on the degree of intimacy, for instance, the means of entertainment, habits of the family visited, etc. AGNES.—The size your letter is written on will answer very well for MSS. for the press. Write only on one side of the page and separate the leaves.

A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.